



SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES
OF QUINTUS HORATIUS
FLACCUS, TR. BY J.B. ROSE

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

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Satires, Epistles, and Odes of
Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Tr. by
J.B. Rose

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Quintus Horatius Flaccus

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SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES
OF
QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN BENSON ROSE.



~~~~~  
" The Bacchant locks entwined upon the face  
Where the twisted serpents rear  
Crests devoid of fraud or fear."

ODE TO BACCHUS, p. 199.  
~~~~~

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SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES
OF
QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS,

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN BENSON ROSE.

AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HIS NEPHEWS AND GODSONS,

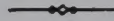
WILLIAM DAVIES ROSE,

AND

JOHN HUGH ROSE,

"Whether you flag, my boy, or victor be,
I may not stop to know, nor live to see."

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H O R A C E.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

WHENCE doth it come, Mæcenas, no one lives
Contented with the lot his father gives,
Or chance presents him with ; but thinks the rest
Who follow other avocations, blest ?

“ O happy merchantman ! ” exclaims the wan
And worn-out soldier. Whilst the merchantman,
Tossed by the southern winds, declares that war,
With death or victory, is better far
Than perils of the deep. The barrister,
Awaked at cock-crow by his clients’ stir,
Thinks rustics happy ; whilst the husbandman,
Subpœnaed up to town, fails not to ban
His lot, comparing it with civic ease.
So many are there difficult to please,
’Twould weary Fabius’ self to reckon them.
And yet these men of ordinary phlegm,
If any god, who their petitions heard,
Should, in derision, take them at their word—
You, merchant, soldier, client, barrister,
Come, chop and change. Halloo ! what, no one stir ?

Not one, in faith! Not one of them will move.
Does not this murmuring puff the cheeks of Jove?
Nay, he in mercy will ignore their vows.
Besides, in truth—for verity allows
Truth to be spoken in vein jocular—
As we give schoolboys honey-cakes who are
Pre-eminent in conquering accident;
But, if we must, speak we in serious sense.
The ploughman of stiff lands, with stiffer plough;
This tricky tradesman, soldier, sailor, now,
They all will greet you with the self-same prate:
It is, provision for a future state,
For their old age, and decent country seat.
Like to the emmet, an example meet,
Who from his mouth deposes on the heap,
Prevoyant of the winter, winter's keep.
So be it. But when Aquarius ascends,
The ant, my friend, to his retreat descends
And hibernates in wisdom. Not so, ye.
Summer nor winter, fire nor steel, nor sea,
Nought, nought, arrests your dread of penurie.
Now, what will this huge mass of useless ore—
Gold, silver, trash—you hide beneath your floor,
Avail you? If you touch it, it is lost;
And if you touch it not, 'tis useless cost.
Your garners burst with stores of wheat and wine,
And yet your stomach won't hold more than mine.
The slave who bears the pannier, does he have
More for his labour than his fellow-slave?
If wants are bounded, say, on what pretence
Till we more acres than give competence?

Oh ! but 'tis sweet to take from a large hoard.
Why so ? my smaller hoard supplies my board.
I cannot see wherein a preference lies
Between my wheat-bin and your granaries.
You want to fill your cup, or fill your urn ;
The river or the fount will serve your turn.
You choose the river. Well, what happens there ?
That Aufidus is raging ; waves unclear
Are undermining banks—you tumble in.
Well, wherefore from a raging river win
Waters you can get clearer from the fount,
And leave the drowning out of the account ?
Yes, half mankind are blinded in their greed.
One never has enough ; for we succeed
In our careers proportioned to our wealth.
How shall we cure this malady to health ?
Why, even leave them to pursue their path.
A miser lived at Athens ; to the wrath
Of the mad populace he thus replied :
“ The people hoot me ; but my heart with pride
Beholds the store of money in my chest.”
But Tantalus, in waters to his breast,
He died of thirst ; you laugh, you blockhead ! hold !
Change but the name, of you the tale is told.
You sleep, mouth open, on your bags of dross ;
You would not open one ; you dread its loss ;
It sacred is : a picture or a shade.
Know you the worth of money, use, and aid ?
To buy you bread, to purchase wine and oil ;
What Nature wants, and what repairs her toil.

But to keep watch by night, and guard by day,
Afraid of fire, of thieves, of slaves—away!
If this enjoyment be, let me enjoy
My poverty, at least, without annoy.
If I am sick, or fevered, or in bed
By accidental hurt, straightway my head
Is pillowed softly by a friendly hand;
Children and doctors round about me stand.
No one aids you, neither your wife nor son;
They love you not; would grieve not were you gone.
Your neighbours hate you; girls and boys alike.
Doth this astonish you? with wonder strike?
Why, you loved nothing but your bags of brass;
Can you expect of others, lad or lass,
To care for you, when you cared not for them?
Absurdity! the like as try to stem
The tide of battle, on the stubborn ass.
For truly time and tide will come to pass
When one should cease to gather and to store.
The more one hath, more should he feel secure.
It 'minds me of Umidius; the tale
Is not too long. He meted with a pail
His monstrous treasure: yet he wore a dress
Worse than a slave's; he lived in much distress.
To die of want or famine was his dread.
How did he die? A girl-slave clove his head—
A strong Tyndarida—with stroke of axe.
“What should we do, then? live a life as lax
As Mænius, or as Nomentanus?” Fie!
Go not from wrong to wrong's extremity;

Neither a miser nor a spendthrift be ;
Nor Tanais nor Visellus suit me.
There's reason's rule for all ; tread the midway,
Nor from the path of moderation stray.

Let me return to whence I first set out.
We all are discontented ; fuss about
Our neighbours and their luck. Another's goat
Gives better milk than mine ; there is a mote
To trouble the mind's eye, and make one pine.
Another bustles with a grand design
To pass by all before him : all behind
He takes no note of ; on he goes to find
The seat pre-occupied he fain would win ;
A greater magnate is enthroned therein.
As in the circus, on the meted course
The charioteer, whilst urging on his horse,
Has his competitors ahead in view,
And thinks not of the passed and beaten crew.
And so it comes to pass that, looking back
Upon our life, we view the wasted track
With vain regrets ; and man, from life released,
Departs, like a stuffed reveller from feast.

Enough, I cease ; lest you should think that I
Had borrowed Crispin's dribbling vein, Good bye !

SATIRE III.

It is the vice of songsters, if required
By friends to sing, they ne'er sing as desired ;

And if desired not, they troll along
Interminable rapture, endless song.

The Sardinian Tigellius acted so :

Cæsar, because he loved him, would forego
His right to lay commands. When in the vein,
From egg unto the apples, he would strain
His *Iö Bacchè* ; low and high would soar,
And troll his carol notes through octaves four.
A vacillating mortal ! See him tear
Along the streets, as if the foe were near ;
Then stalking gravely on, as if he bore
The shrine of Juno and its sacred store.
Oft would he walk abroad with train of men,
Sometimes two hundred, sometimes only ten ;
Now talk of kings and tetrarchs, and then sigh—
Had I a three-legged table, a roof dry,
And shell to hold the salt, and, good at need,
A toga thick, then I were rich indeed.
And yet this grand philosopher would spend
In one short week, his sesterces, no end.
Watching by night, and snoring thro' the day,
Sure never mortal trod a madder way !

But you retort on me, “ You, who lay bare
The faults of others, have you none that are
As palpable ? ” Oh, yes ! in sooth have I.
When Mænius carped at Novius, not then by,
“ Mænius knows not himself,” some one exclaimed,
“ And will he hoodwink us ? ” But Mænius, blamed,
Responded that “ he pardoned his own faults.”
So self-esteem self-rectitude assaults.

To one's own faults blind as a bat are we,
But have for faults of others eyes to see
As eagle's sharp, or Epidaurian snake.
All others see the faults all others make.
"All others," then, are testy: such a one
Has nostrils far too fine for dust and sun.
What harm is there in quizzing of a guy,*
In slipshod sandals and with clothes awry?
But 'tis a man of merit, man of worth;
He likewise is your friend; there is no dearth
Of wit within him, tho' it hidden lies.
Turn, turn, my friend, the sarcasm of your eyes
Upon yourself, where follies too abound:
Weeds, weeds, my friend, thrive in uncultured ground.
What must we do? See with the lover's eyes,
When first he wooes his mistress: all he spies
He turns to favour and to prettiness.
Balbinus went so far in loving stress
He loved the polypus on Agna's nose.
I wish, in friendship's cause, to copy those
Who fall in love. Like father with his boy,
Who jokes and trifles with some sad alloy.
So Strabo's father nicknamed his son "Squint,"
So Sisyphus was "Chicken" called: a hint
To others that the thing was known, condoned.
Now, we should do the like in friendships owned,
And term the stingy frugal; and the young
Conceited coxcomb, of a courtly tongue;

* Virgilius is supposed to be here aimed at.

And call the rough and clownish manners, free ;
Another's silliness, simplicity ;
If blunt, sincere ; if headstrong, he is true ;
Thus may we win our friends, and keep them too.
But we go further, when we strive to turn
Our virtues vicious, like an ill-daubed urn.
Is a man upright ? then we deem him weak ;
If he be slow, phlegmatic ; if we seek
A man of prudent speech, 'tis reticence,
Or 'tis hypocrisy, or lack of sense ;
And if it chance, as I myself have done,
Dropped in, Mæcenæ, at an hour when one
Is very occupied ; or if he will talk on,
Despite one's silence ; or will not be gone,
Despite one's hints ; well, such a one's a bore.
So we judge rashly under feelings sore.
We are by birthright faulty ; he is best
Who least infringes on his neighbour's rest.
Now, all I ask is, that my friends should take
Me as I am. I give all leave to make
A catalogue of my follies, so they will
Weigh in the balance good against the ill.
Ignore my warts, and I'll ignore your hump :
Whoe'er dislikes a cuffing should not thump.

Lastly, if it be true that we can't cure
Our feelings ta'en 'gainst others, nor endure
Their weaknesses, still as behoves, be just,
Nor punish more than needs we punish must.
Nor pillory a slave, without remorse,
Who ate your fish, or drank the gravy sauce.

Madder than Labeo such a one would be.
And are not we, my friend, as mad as he,
When that a friend offends a small offence,
We take it in fierce dudgeon, chase him thence,
Or flee him, as a debtor flees that dun
Druso, the usurer? when calends run,
Nor interest nor principal in hand,
So like a captive, neck in chains, to stand
And listen to the sentence; or abused
Or broke a trencher King Evander used;
Or helped himself, before me, to some dish.
What should I do, if he had baulked my wish
By broken word, or stolen, or betrayed?
They * who deem all faults equal, I'm afraid,
Will get into a fix; reason and sense,
Ay, and the law, reject such inference.
When savage man commenced career on earth,
He was but a brute beast; in normal dearth
He fought for acorns with his teeth and nails;
Then clubs he used; then with the sword prevails.
Then words, and speech, and eloquence arose;
Men ceased to battle; met as friends, not foes;
And walls were built, and cities fortified
With laws 'gainst theft of chattels or of bride;
For before Helen woman was the cause
Of wars and slaughter, violated laws.
Tyrants, forgotten soon as buried, who
Wooded wives as brutes or bulls were wont to do.

* The Stoic philosophy.

Injustice was of law the origin,
The hidden cause, the womb of time within.
Nature discerned instinctively the just,
The wrong to flee, the right wherein to trust.
But, when it came to pleas, 'twas otherwise,
And laws were needed, construed by the wise.
And since to rob an orchard differs far
From robbing temples, sacrilege, the bar
Appropriated punishments as due,
Nor slew the culprit if the rod would do.
Nor, I opine, were you the magistrate,
That you would spare assassins, or would rate
Theft with assassination ; or would strike
With the same sword the great and small alike.
And wherefore wish for riches, mundane things,
If cobblers, strong and skilful, all are kings?
But I mistake the matter ; travesty
Father Chrysippus' doctrine, you reply.
The stoic does not make the shoes : that skill
Is all the cobbler's, who is stoic still.
Hermogenes, the songster, if he sleep,
Is he no songster ? If Alfenus sweep
His razors out of sight and shut up shop,
Is he no barber ? Similes to drop,—
The stoic workman is the workman who
Is the best journeyman and monarch too.

Yet urchin boys will pluck the stoic beard
Unless you thrash them off, your voice be heard
Scolding and hollaing, shut within a ring
Where you are baited, O thou mighty king !

The gods endued me with a humble mind
Little to emulative strife inclined,
But Crispin, like the bellows, puffs and blows
When red-hot iron in the furnace glows.

O happy Fannius, who can see his bust
Stand in Apollo's fane, and reads with trust.
Mine no one reads, nor mine do I recite,
I fear to do so—men do not delight
In satire and its verse; they rather dread
To find the cap is fitting to the head.
Whoever rushes midst the multitude
Will rush amidst the vices rough and rude.
Ambition, avarice, and headlong lusts,
Or buying silver vases, brazen busts,
The merchant on the billow, scorning rest,
Rushing like a mad whirlwind east and west
Repairing losses or to gather gear—
All these detest the satire and the seer—
He bears the tuft on horn, he drives at all;
If laugh he will, he spares nor great nor small,
Ovens and fountains are his haunts, and slaves,
Boys, and old women, listen as he raves.

Now let me answer, let me first declare
I am no poet—am no bird so rare,
'Tis not enough words on a line to string
Or write as I write floating on the wing.

Genius and fire and the true touch divine
Must he possess, to whom we may assign
The poet's name. Can comedy be brought
Within the pale of the poetic thought,

Lacking the style, the vehemence, and force,
And but for rhythm, common as discourse?

The angry father, the rebellious son,
The fair young bride and dowry spat upon,
Because he better loves to masquerade
With midnight torches and a worthless maid.

But would the father if he lived to-day
Answer the son in such a rhythm'd way?
But break the measure of the line, we see
The parent's anger, uttered as 'twould be.
My present verse and that Lucilius writ
If you the measured cadences omit
Or words transpose, upon the ear it jars:
"When cruel discord breaks the iron bars
"And gates of war"—enough of that; we lose
The poet in the torn and scattered muse.
If satire be of true poetic birth,
Equal to mirthful comedy in worth,
We will enquire; but let us first debate
Whether the satirist deserves our hate.
Sulcius and Caprius walk the streets and bawl
Their libels out; and thieves and robbers all
Quake in their shoes, the honest are unstung.
If you the band of robbers walk among—
Sulcius or Caprius I resemble not.
Why fear you me? I haunt no public spot,
Taverns, nor pillar posts; and no one sees,
No vulgar reads, no, not Hermogenes.
I read them but to friends, and read coerced,
The place and company considered first.

Some in the forum read their libels, some
In public baths, beneath the echoing dome,
A prized locality, which I resign
To those with vanity surpassing mine.

You say I love to wound, delight to smite.
What makes you think so? an example cite;
Have you ere heard me or my verse adduced?
To wound an absent friend, or hear traduced
And not defend; to hear a scurvy jest
Uttered to raise the laughter of the guest,
To scandalize, to bite behind the back,
Reveal a secret told—he, he is black!
O Roman! shun him.

Oft on couches three
Four guests on each, one you may haply see
Aspersing all, and only spares his host
Because he eats the supper at his cost,
Nor him, when wine is in, and wit is out.
You praise that jester for his merry bout.
Me you condemn, if I should satirize,
The dandy or the sloven I despise.

Petillius, him of Capitoline fame,
Should I his daring peculation name,
Straightway you rise and shout in his defence,
“He was my friend in youth, without pretence,
I may avow my friendship and my joy
That now he lives in Rome without annoy:
Yet still I marvel much how he got off.”
May I and honest satire never scoff

Thus, like the clouded cuttle fish, or rust ;
And if I know my heart, it is more just,
And my true satire honestest by far.

Sometimes too broad, perhaps, my freedoms are.
Therein I follow what my father taught
If he beheld me pondering on aught,
I should avoid, he would adduce by name
Albius, a spendthrift, or one Barrus blame,
Their patrimonies used up and abused.

Sectanus and Trebonius he accused
Of vile incontinence, and me addressed,
“Wed, wed, my son, the marriage state is best.
Now what you ought to seek and ought to shun
Philosophy will teach you. I, my son,
Repeat to you the precepts of my sire,
And warn you from the paths of base desire,
And when you are confirmed in mind and limb
Throw off the corks and freely plunge and swim.”

So did my father lead me—so he strove
To point out what was worthy praise and love,
And pointed out examples ; to persuade,
Some judge in dignity : or to dissuade,
One who rushed by with a dejected head
As fleeing rumour's tongue in doubt and dread.
And as a neighbour's death will rouse the sick
Up to exertion, such examples prick
The youthful spirits to a better mood.
By sight, methinks, I have fled turpitude,
And shunned the glaring vices of the age.
My little vices need not rouse your rage,

Nay, by good hap, as I grow old and hear
Good counsel, I will leave more in the rear.
For when on couch, or in my portico,
I commune with myself, as so and so
Will make me better and a happier man ;
Or when on noting neighbour's faults, I scan
Mine own, to see and pluck out mine own mote ;
And the first leisure moment, down I note
The thought on paper ; but you'll comprehend
That they are follies, and not vices, penned.

That is another little fault that you
Must pardon, or I call the poets, who
Are legion, to my aid ; and in our might
We'll make, like Jews,* of you a proselyte.

SATIRE V.

THE ROUTE FROM ROME TO BRUNDISIUM.

QUITTING great Rome, Aricia welcomed first
Me in a sorry inn : Heliodorus, nursed
In Greek and rhetoric, consorting me.

To Appii Forum next. A den, to be
Detested, of brokers and sailors vile.

We did this in two days, but rank and file
More lightly laden do these two in one.

* The mode in which Horace three times mentions the Jews in these satires, would infer that they had full freedom in the days of Augustus to pursue their rites and ceremonies. We also find Trajan writing to Pliny and enjoining moderation. The persecution was not continuous in Rome. At this time they appear to be allowed to proselyte at will.

The Appian way is not a dreary one.
Ay! but the water, I was fain to make
Truce with my stomach, fearing to partake,
And waiting, hardly patient, supper done.

Meantime the night spread wide her mantle dun
Over the earth, and sprinkled heaven with stars.
Then factors and bargees began their jars.
Haul up! make room, Ohe! leave off your stuff,
Would you shove in three hundred? hold, enough.

Then whilst we bargain—litter down the mule,
An hour flits by—nor sleep nor breezes cool,
But frogs and gnats and song in endless chime;
The drunken sailor's song; and more sublime,
The merchant chants his mistress o'er the deep,
'Till wearied with his toils he drops asleep.
The bargees fasten mules to foddered store,
And stretched upon their backs supinely snore.

And the day dawned, and mule and muleteer
Still slept, until a fellow-voyager,
Leapt up and laid about with heavy thump,
On muleteer and mule with willow stump.
'Twas the fourth hour or e'er Feronia gave
Rest and ablutions in her sacred wave.
And there we dined, and then began again
A three-mile sleepy route to Anxur's fane,
On its white cliff, soaring in upper air.

Mæcenas and Cocceius met us there
Upon state business bound of import great,
Men fitted to arrange affairs of state.

I used collyrion for my blear eyes there.
Mæcenas came, Cocceius too, and, dear—
To Antonius, dear—Fonteius Capito,
A thorough gentleman from top to toe.

To Fundi next, and there it came to pass
Aufidius Luscus, Prætor, scribe, and ass,
With belt and buckle, and with charcoal dish
Caused us to laugh at such a fussy fish.
Thence to Mamurra, where a day we lost,
Muræna housed us, Capito played host.
But the next day was better still, we found
Stopping at Sinuessa guests renowned,
Plotius, and Varius, and Virgilius—
Congenial souls, so Fortune favoured us.
What joy and what embracing ! Is there aught
To equal meeting friends, in deed or thought ?

We made a little inn, at our next halt
On bounds Campanian, where our wood and salt
Claimed as our due, the părăchi supplied.
At Capua, the mules unharnessed bide ;
Mæcenas sought the games ; Virgil and I
Dropped off to sleep ; for fives and a blear eye
Do not agree at all. Cocceius here
Played host ; his villa stored with rich and rare
Stands just above the Caudian hostelry.

Now Muse, relate the contest fierce and high
Between two great buffoons ; Sarmentus, one,
And Messius Cicerrus, each one, son
Of blood illustrious ; Messius of Oscan race.
Sarmentus, with a dame, held servile place.

And so they met, these sons of noble sires
And stood to combat, first Sarmentus fires.
“ I say, my lad, you look like a wild horse.”
We laughed : and Messius answered him, “ Of course,”
And shook his head and mane. “ And what would you
If you had yet your horns on forehead, do
When mutilated so, you threaten so ? ”
For on his forehead was a scar, a blow
Had planted there. Then against warts began,
Warts, which he called disease Campanian.
And bade him dance the Cyclops, for which task
He needed not the buskins nor the mask.

Cicerrus took his turn : “ Hast vowed, my lad,
Your chain unto the Lares ? that is sad ;
For though a scribe, your mistress has not less
A right to sell you.” Then he bade us guess
Why he had never fled ? Seeing a pound
Of bread would be sufficient for a hound
So lank and lean ; and so we supped and laughed.

To Beneventum next. Our landlord daft
Roasting some half-starved thrushes at the fire
Set light unto his chimney ; flames aspire—
Up to the roof and rafters Vulcan rose—
Some rush to save the supper, or t’oppose
The conflagration—even as they thought best.

And here th’ Appulian mountains reared their crest
Swept by Atabulus, Appulian wind.
I thought we never should the expanse find,
When a Trivican villa on us broke,
Where we shed tears by fumes of greenwood smoke.

And here I was bamboozled by the wench
I trifled with : experience does not quench
Faith in their words—the greater blockhead I,
She had the jeer and I paid penalty.

Then four and twenty miles we rode in wain
To reach a little village, which I fain
Would, if I could, record by name * in verse.
And here we purchased water ; but that curse
Was recompensed by very best of bread.
The traveller who through this pass has sped
Bears off a store. Because Canusium stands
In land of dusty urns and barren sands ;
Built, as 'tis said, of yore by Diomed.
Here losing Varius, tears of grief were shed.
And wearied we reached Rubi, sore of foot
The longest day we did, with rain to boot.
The next morn's sky was better, worse the way,
To Barium's fishy walls we got that day.
Thence to Egnatia,† where mad waters run,
Affording us amusement and some fun.
For they aver that frankincense ignites
Upon the threshold in their sacred rites.

* Equotutium.

† Bryant, i. p. 252, expounds the mystery of Egnatia. It was an old fountain of the Sun. Hagnon the same as Ain-on, Hanes, Hagnon, &c. The feast of Agonalia, Ovid's 'Fasti,' lib. i., with the six alternative derivations of Ovid, deduce from this word or root. Egnatia stood in the Salentine fields Sal-en, fountain of the Sun, whence arose the sacred flame they averred they possessed. "Lymphis iratis," mad waters, appears to point at some other legendary notion.

Judæus Apella may believe, not I.
I know the gods, who dwell in peace on high,
If Nature choose to play some freak of might
It troubles them not, on Olympic height.
Brundisium reached, I have no more to tell,
The journey ended ends my tale; farewell.

SATIRE VI.

TO MÆCENAS.

THOUGH you, Mæcenas, are of noblest birth,
Old Lydia or Etruria gave to earth;
Though on maternal and paternal side
Your ancestry led legions in their pride;
Yet you do not, as many, toss the nose
At me a freedman's son, nor me oppose
Because I sprung from such a low degree;
You look not to man's birth, but judgment free;
And hold, ere Servius Tullius and his reign
Many a slave, born of ignoble strain,
Did deeds of honour and of noble worth.
The whilst Lævinus, who derived his birth
From the Valerian house which chased from hence
The race of Tarquin, would not have had brass pence
Bidden for him, had he been put to sale,
No not by Romans in the tribunes pale,
Caught as they are by glare and vain array,
Bestowing honours where they least display.

How should we judge who boast ourselves to be
Superior to the tribes; when they decree
Honours unto Lævinus, rather than
Decree them unto Decius, a new man.
And Appius, the censor, would chase me,
Forth from the senate, if I were not free,
Born in my father's freedom—for my sin
Because I rest not quiet in my skin.
Yet glory makes no difference between
The high or lowly born, who grace the scene.

What did it boot you, Tullius, to resume
The buckled belt, as tribune to presume?
Envy, who slumbered, rose up to be felt—
For when black buskins and the buckled belt
Enter the Senate-house, you hear the sound
Who is he? who's his father? whispered round.

As when young Barrus, sick to be admired,
Demanding if the girls, by beauty fired,
Talk of his leg and foot, his teeth and hair—
So he who takes the empire under care,
The town, the country, Italy, the fanes—
All mortal nature straightway is at pains
To know his father, mother—what they were.
And shall the son of Syrus, Damas, dare
Cast from the rock a citizen? or hand
Him o'er to Cadmus,* eh? Now understand—
I, than my colleague Novius, sit higher,
He is one manumitted, like my sire.

* The public executioner—not the son of Agenor.

And on the credit of that height you claim
To equal Paulus, or Messala's name ?

But he had attributes peculiar, he
Possessed a voice of mightiest potency—
Two hundred waggons, funerals three it beat
And all the horns and trumpets in the street.
Now I revert to my own proper case
And the objectors to the freedman race.
For since, Mæcenas, that I dine with you—
Though I once led a Roman legion too—
But as the cases do not go on fours,
I yield the military point—but yours,
O my Mæcenas, friendship, and your choice,
Why should they rouse the mob's malicious voice ?

Nor was it fickle chance nor accident
That cast me in your way ; the excellent
Virgil and Varius named me ; you desired
Me to attend you ; I did as required
But scarcely spoke, for bashfulness beguiled
Me of the power of speech, and like a child
I answered that I was of lowly birth ;
I bragged not of my father's steeds, nor worth,
But what I was I told. You answered me,
As you are wonted, with some brevity.
I went my way, but ere the ninth month ends
You placed me midst the circle of your friends,
And I was proud, proud of the right to sit,
With one who recognizes worth and wit,
And one preferring to illustrious birth
The humbler man possessing wit and worth.

Now if some spots on my fair fame appear,
As moles deface a visage otherwise fair,
I still deny aught sordid or impure.

In innocence and purity secure
(I claim the right to say it), if I move,
I owe it chiefly to my father's love,
Who, though he tilled an insufficient farm,
Did not commit me to the Flavian arm,—
Albeit sons of a centurion's rule
With satchel and with tablets, sought his school
To learn the lore of compound interest.
To Rome my father sent me, for the best
Taught to the sons of knights and senators.
Behold me then, at Rome, with open doors
And slaves in livery. You would have thought
I had been bred in precincts of the court.

My father, he most incorruptible,
Among the doctors, and as capable,
Steered through the crowd the voyage of my youth,
Free from suspicion, free from slander's tooth.
Nor did he shrink from the opprobrium which
He must encounter, as, not being rich,
He had been forced to find me a career
In public crier's or collector's sphere.
Neither would I have blamed him had it failed,
My gratitude o'er failure had prevailed;
Nor grieve to be from such a father sprung,
Nor fret to hear from an invidious tongue
That I am lowly, not ignobly, born;
In word and deed I deprecate their scorn.

For should it happen, Nature should decree
That our past years repassed by us should be,
And from what rank we pleased to choose a sire,
Let others choose to gratify desire ;
I rest content—fasces and curule chair
Should not lure me to be another's heir.

This may be madness with the multitude
But not with you, methinks, and though ensued
I would refuse to bear an onerous freight
Unfitted to my means—a greater state,
More affability to all—the train,
Companions, horses, grooms, I must maintain,
And four-wheeled chariots. If I take a jaunt—
Now if I take a journey I may mount
A mule without a tail—and travel so,
Ay, to Tarentum, bag and baggage ; though
I galled his withers and his shoulder wrung—
Yet no one would gainsay me, as their tongue
Would wag 'gainst Tullius, who, to Tibur bound,
With five attendants on official round,
Great Prætor ! travelled with his cash and scrip.

Than you yourself, dear Senator,* I skip
Freely from place to place ; I quit my seat
To ask the market price of oil and wheat ;
The forum I frequent at eventide
Or circus, where the conjurors abide ;
They tell my fortune : homeward I repair
To pulse, to plates of fruit and simple fare.

* Mæcenas.

Three boys administer ; a marble slab,
 Two cups, one cyathus ; and then I dab
 My hands in water ; bason, ewer, all
 Campanian pottery : then I install
 My frame in its cubiculum, nor care
 That on the morrow's dawning I repair
 To Marsyas, his statue, which will groan
 When Novius junior * passes by the stone.
 Then couch till the fourth hour : then I roam
 Or haply read or write or play at home.
 With olive I anoint myself for toil,
 Not Natta-like who robs the lamp of oil.
 I bathe in summer-time and dog-days cheat,
 And wash away effects of dust and heat.
 Dine sparingly—avoiding meats and cup
 And keeping a light spirit till we sup.
 Such is the life the Fates assigned to me,
 From heavy duties and ambition free ;
 With this I live as happily serene
 As had my sire and grandsire Quæstors been.

 SATIRE VII.

HORACE DESCRIBES A ROMAN SQUABBLE.

'Tis to the purblind and the barbers known
The vengeance hybrid Persius took upon
The proscript, Rex Rupilius, for his tongue
Vile and envenomed. Persius moved among

* A manumitted slave : a freedman.

The merchant tribe : was rich, and did a trade
With Clazomene. He a suit had laid
Against the Rex ; a stiff hard man was he.
So was the Rex, both vain to a degree,
Both confident and rash in words and deeds,
Beating Sisennas, Barrus, and white steeds.
Now for the Rex. When things were past a jest
And nought remained but each to fight his best
As heroes wont to fight ; Achilles so
Pursued with hate implacable his foe
Hector Priamides : both met defeat
By death—their valour would not brook retreat.
But if 'twixt dastards discord should arise,
Or if unequal matched the enemies,
As Diomed and Lycian Glaucus were,
Why then the weak must purchase life with gear,
Or else his rival's sword him overwhelms.

Brutus was Prætor over Asian realms,
Rupilius Persius met—an equal pair ;
Imagine Bacchius and Bithus* there—
Both bounding in, both mighty on the stage ;
Persius his plea expounding in a rage,
The audience laughing ; as the sun on high
He lauds, he flatters, Brutus to the sky ;
Brutus was Asia's sun, the courtiers are
Each one and all a constellating star ;
All except Rex, he was the dog-star, he
The cause of famine, blight, and misery—

* Well-matched gladiators.

So like a winter torrent running on.

Then Prænestinus in as salt a tone
And with an equal vehemence of heat,
As when the vintager from green retreat
Cries cuckoo ! with a like rusticity,
The Rex replied, retorting home the lie.
Ay but the hybrid Greek renewed the war,
Pungent as is Italian vinegar,
O Brutus, by the gods above I pray,
Since 'tis your mission to chase kings away,
Kill me this Rex, Oh cut his throat, now do,
A deed, believe me, worthiest of you.

SATIRE VIII.

PRIAPUS DESCRIBES AN INCANTATION SCENE.

I WAS a block of wood, a useless block,
And the artificer was at a lock
To turn me to a joint-stool or a god ;
He chose the latter : mounted on this sod
With scaring wand and reeds stuck round my head
I frighten birds and thieves with terror dread.

This was the burial ground, they buried here
Slaves and the mob upon the common bier,
The destitute here refuged as allies,
With Pantolabus, Nomentanus lies.
A thousand frontage feet, three hundred deep,
And the inscription warns the heir to keep
His hands from off it. Now the ground is laid
In terrace walks with mingling sun and shade.

Now the Esquilians walk and breathe pure air
Where heaps of bleaching bones unburied were.

But thieves and birds no longer give me pain,
There is a sight I hate; when witches twain
Come with their midnight drugs and spells to turn
Poor human wits. I would that I could learn
How to scare them, they come when nought disturbs
The silent night to gather bones and herbs.

There with black palla and with naked feet,
And hair dishevelled, see Canidia meet,
Old Sagana ullulling—deadly pale
Their visages—the sight bids my heart quail.
They set to work with nails to dig up pits,
They tear a black lamb with their teeth to bits,
They fill the ditch with blood, and summons made,
Responses they elicit from the shade.

They make two effigies, one wool, one wax.
The larger wool, the lesser wax, attacks,
The wax stands suppliant as doomed to die.
One summons Hecatè, with summons high
One calls Tisiphonè, and serpents glide
And dogs infernal wander by their side.
The blushing moon refusing her pure light
Objects to be a witness to the sight.

I do not lie, believe me all is true,
May the crows turn and spite me if I do.
I'll tell you how old Sagana intoned
And how the sullen spirits groaned and moaned,
I'll tell you how they buried in the ground
The jowl of wolf and fang of snake profound,

Then cast the waxen image in the fire,
And as it burnt the furies bellowed higher.

I was not in a mood to witness it,
For in my fright my fig-tree body split
Making a horrid noise. The witches fled
Tumbled the teeth out of Canidia's head,
Tumbled the hair from Sagana's old pate,
They lost their bracelets, gained the city gate,
But dropped the bones and simples in their flight,
And I, who saw it, grinning with delight.

SATIRE IX.

HE DESCRIBES A ROMAN BORE.

As was my wont, I trod the Sacred Way,
My brain wool-gathering and my wits at play,
When one accosted me I knew by sight,
"My dearest Sir, how do y' do, all right?"
"I thank you, well: may Fortune prosper you."
I moved to go: but he, "I wish you knew
Us, we are learned," to which fact I replied
"That was a cause sufficient." Then aside,
Wishing to slip away, my boy was near,
I called and whispered something in his ear.
I sweated too, and prayed, oh! for thy skull
Bolané—thick, impenetrably dull.

He, prattling on, the streets and city praised;
I held my peace; and he, as if amazed,

“ You think you trouble me ? in good sooth, no,
Wherever you are going, I will go.”

“ I thank you much, but now I go to see
A friend, unknown to you, Trans-tiberé,
Past Cæsar’s gardens.” “ Well, and what of that,
I’ve nought to do, we’ll walk along and chat.”

I dropped my ears like to a vicious ass
When overladen. He, as dull and crass,
Pursued his speech : “ Ah, if myself I know,
Nor Varius, nor Viscus, can write so,
As I can write with happiness and ease ;
I also dance and sing ; Hermogenes
May envy me.” I interposed to say
“ Have ye no friend or mother who may lay
Claim to such excellence ?” he answered, “ None,
Ensepulchred I’ve seen them every one.”
O happy dead ! methought, but I survive.
Yet at my birth, Sabella, then alive,
From the divining urn drew forth my lot ;
Poisons and hostile steel shall harm him not,
Nor pleurisy, nor asthma, nor the gout,
His fate depends upon a chattering lout.
Let him avoid all chatterers and their prate,
To live the term elsewise assigned by Fate.

We got to Vesta, at fourth part of day,
It happened even then, his action lay,
And it was called, and he bound to attend
Or suffer nonsuit. “ Ah ! my dearest friend
Assist me now,” quoth he. “ Now may I die
If I know aught of law : besides,” quoth I,

"I am going—you know where." "Well, I don't know, I think I'll quit my suit." "By no means, no."

"I will, I will:" and so he strode away,
I following in his wake like one astray.

At me again. "How stands Mæcenas now?
With you I mean." "Few friends does he allow."
"He's right in that: you've used your fortune well,
None better sure: yet might we fortune quell,
More thoroughly if you would introduce—
A certain man—adjutor like, let loose
Would scatter all the scum, or,—let me die."

"You do not know Mæcenas," answered I,

"No house is purer, freer from all scum,
Richer or poorer 'tis the same, all come
Welcomed by worth or merit as their due."

"The deuce, well that is singular, if true."

"It is a fact." "Well then I burn the more
To see and know him." "Well you know his door.
Your worth will burst its hinges, and that done,
The fort is taken and the town is won."

"I'll do my best: suppose I bribe his slaves,
A conquest like to that an effort craves.
And we must persevere, shut out to-day,
To-morrow I will watch on the highway
And catch him in a cross way: nothing can
Be won without some toil by mortal man."

Fuscus Aristius then passed up the street
And knew my persecutor well, we greet,
Exchanging compliments, inanely said,
"Where do you come from? whither are you sped?"

I pluck him by the arm, I nod and beck,
I mark him wink his eyes and turn his neck,
My choler rising with my blackest bile,
To see him smiling his malicious smile.
"Fuscus," I said, "did you not send to me
To say you wished to speak in privacy?"
"I did so—but another time we'll choose,
And not offend the circumcised, the Jews,
This thirtieth Sabbath." "Nonsense, not offend,
I care not for them." "But I care, my friend,
I am one of the many, pardon pray!"
"Ah! black to me arose the sun to-day."
He scurried, and left me beneath the knife.

It happened then, the plaintiff in the strife
Fell on my man. Lo, there he goes, cried he,
Arrest the knave; you, Sir, can witness be.
I pricked my ears again; they grabbed their prey,
Hauled him along and hurried him away,
Amidst the mob applauding—I was free.
And so Apollo liberated me.

SATIRE X.

HE CRITICISES THE VERSE OF LUCILIUS.

I CALLED Lucilius' verse uncouth, 'tis true,
Unwise methinks his advocate is who
Will hold the contrary: on the same page
I praised the salt with which he lashed the age.

Should I do more, it were as just to quote
Mimes of Laberius as works of note.

To raise a peal of laughter from a crowd
Is doubtless a great feat, be that allowed.
But brevity, conciseness, flowing wit,
And words which strike upon the ears and hit,
A rolling style, now sober, now jocose,
Now orator, now poet, and to oppose
Some raillery refined, for ridicule
Than argument, is oft more powerful.

The writers of the early comedies
Are to be followed upon points like these,
They never read Hermogenes, nor knew
Calvus, Catullus, and their learned crew.

Ay, but Lucilius takes a further stride,
Latin and Greek consorting side by side.

'Tis nothing new, nor difficult to strike,
The Rhodian Pitholeon did the like.

Ay, but this mixture of the tongues is sweet,
Like Chian and Falernian mixed, a treat.

Do you then when you write, or when you plead
To save Petillius from his daring deed,
Whilst Pedius and Publicola essay
With mother tongue to plead and win their way,
Do you in your reply choose or select
The double-tongued Canusian dialect?

I formerly would dabble verses weak,
Though born on this side Adria, from the Greek.
In dead of night Quirinus rose, the hour [power.
When midnight dreams are fraught with might and

Desist; he said; to ape the Grecian brood
Is only bearing timber to the wood.

Alpinus throttles Memnon on the stage
Or paints the founts of bursting Rhine in rage.
I trifle with the Muse, meantime, nor care
To seek Apollo, with the poets, where
Tarpa presides as judge; nor seek the scene
Theatric where the multitude is seen.

Fundanius is the man for comic wit,
The slave, the courtesan, the miser bit,
Davius outwitting Chremes; Pollio sings
In grand three measure verse, the praise of kings;
Varius in high heroics likewise shines;
Virgilius by the Muses loved, enshrines
All graceful in his verse; and Varro tried
The vein satirical and failed. My pride
Is to mate with Lucilius in that vein,
Yet will I snatch no blossom from the chain
Enwoven to entwine my master's brows.

And grant that turbidly Lucilius flows
And that he needs the pruning-knife. I say,
Do we not carp at Homer and his lay?

Though kind Lucilius prunes the tragic stride
Of Attius and of Ennius in their pride,
Yet speaking of himself, he still avows
Their due priority. What disallows
That we should him, Lucilius, criticise,
And seek and find wherein the error lies,
Or in himself, or in satiric verse?
When dull and dismally it drags a terse

And measured cadence of six feet ; as though
Bought by the hundred, manufactured so,
One half by dinner, half by supper-time.
Like to the Tuscan Cassius, whose chime
Rolls like a river, and whose works aspire
In bulk, 'tis said, to build his funeral pyre.

Lucilius was, we own, kind and urbane,
He was more polished also in the vein,
Than he, who supplemented the great song,
Ennius, and scholars, the satiric throng.
But had he written now, in this, our age,
He would have pruned and blotted many a page.
The due amount of care such verse entails,
Had caused him scratch his head and bite his nails.

Blot, blot, if you have name and fame in view,
And write not for the many but the few.
Why should you madly care to write for fools ?
I have no liking for inferior schools.
Me, like the fair Arbuscula, the knights
And their applause sufficiently requites.

Say shall Pantilius, insect, move my wrath,
Or that Demetrius has crossed my path,
Or Fannius, supping with Hermogenes,
Condemned my Muse ? Muse which I know to please
Plotius, and Varius, and Virgilius,
Mæcenæ, Valgius, and Octavius—
Optime Pater ! Others I can name,
Pollio, Messala, and his brother's fame ;
The brothers Viscus, Furnius, Bibulus,
And Servius ; fairest names and dear to us,

With many more I pass by with esteem,
Whose approbation and whose blame I deem
Subject of joy and sorrow. Hence away
Demetrius and Tigellius both; go play
To school girls in their teens, and make them cry.
Now boy, go copy this, and lay it by.

BOOK II.

— — —
SATIRE I.

THERE are, my friend, who deem this satire rough
Beyond due bounds ; others who, strange enough,
Conceive it weak ;—such as a rhymers may
Contract for at a thousand lines a day.
TREBatius, tell me what I ought to do.

TRE. Why, write no more.

HOR. Do I hear this from you ?

Renounce my verse !

TRE. I say so.

HOR. It were best

Perhaps to do so ; but I should not rest—

Should sleep no more.

TRE. Anoint thee, then, and swim

O'er Tiber thrice : or drink and drown the whim

With drowsy wine : or if you needs must write,

Sing Cæsar's conquests ; song he may requite.

HOR. Optime pater ! that I would full fain

Were mine the Muse to sing his grand campaign.

'Tis not for me to break the Gallic spear,

Or rout the Parthian, bursting on his rear.

TRE. Then sing the prince of peace, the foeman's foe,

As wise Lucilius painted Scipio.

HOR. I would do so ; but still he would not hear.

No verse of Flaccus would reach Cæsar's ear ;

He jibs, when patted by poetic hand.

THE. Better do so, than spurn the buffoon band,
Who hate and fear, whether you spare or strike.

HOB. What can I do? Milo may, if he like,
Dance with light head and double-seeing eyes;
Castor loves steeds, the self-same egg supplies
The pugilist; as many tastes as men.
And shall I be debarred the votive pen
With good Lucilius, matchless though he be.
'To paper he commits his thoughts as free
As to a friend: the old man lays his mind
All open to the view. He seeks no blind,
We see him as a picture in its frame.
I follow him—whether Appulia claim
Or wild Lucania me; Venusia stands
Upon the verge of both; my native lands!
'Tis said 'twas colonized in days of old
To guard the Roman from the Samnite bold,
Or to keep peace betwixt those warlike tribes.
So do I hold the sword, my verse inscribes
No satire to the peaceful and the staid.
Why should I draw it where no robbers raid?

O Father and King Jupiter! I trust
Henceforward that the sheathèd sword may rust,
And never more a breach of peace provoke;
Let him beware, by whom the peace is broke;
Hands off, I say, unless he wish to hear
His name resounded to the hemisphere.

Servius, enraged, threatens with law and urn;
Canidia, hostile, incantates in turn;

Turius, your judge, condemns in wanton rage.
Each with his proper weapon seeks to wage
War, with another, as the brute beasts fight—
Bulls with the horns, wolves with a rabid bite;
From whence save instinct do such acts proceed?
This state of things dame Nature has decreed.
The pious Scaeva, though his mother's heir,
Would never shed her blood. As wolves forbear
To use their heels and kick, and bulls to bite,
He sheds no blood; but honied aconite
Scaeva bestows on the unwary dame.

Ah! whether tranquil death shall wrap this frame,
Or whether death descend, on sable wing,
Or rich or poor, at Rome, or wandering,
Where'er I live or breathe, I still will write.

TRZ. Then, my dear friend, I fear for you; the spite
Of great and small will strike you dead or cold.
You will not live long.

HOR. But Lucilius bold

With honest satire tore the skin away,
And let the nerves beat in the face of day.
Did Lælius, or did he who won renown
In ruined Carthage, fear the poet's frown?
Or did they grieve to see Metellus flung,
Or Lupus by satiric verses stung?
Lucilius never clashed with great and good,
He demagogues and fickle tribes withstood.
When Scipio and when Lælius left the scene
Of great affairs, that satirist was seen

Together with them ; and their mingled peal
Of laughter cheered their vegetable meal.
Inferior as I am in fame and birth
To good Lucilius, yet with wit and worth
I move among the great. Should envy bite
Wounding this fragile flesh, perchance she might
Crash on the bone : Eh, my Trebatius, eh !

TER. Truly, my friend, I know not what to say,
And yet I may remind you that the code
Condemns the libeller. Such episode
Of law you must avoid.

HOR. Libels, in sooth !
Law against libels,—what against the truth ?
If you appeal to Cæsar, the decree
In suit—Rogue *versus* Satirist—may be,
Plaintiff condemned in costs of suit : in short
Nonplussed, nonsuited, and laughed out of court !

SATIRE II.

PRAISE OF FRUGALITY.

A WISE frugality is now my theme,
How great and good avoiding each extreme ;
And yet not mine, this lore Ofellus taught ;
A rustic, who Minerva never sought,
Of native wit and worth. Now mark and learn
With sight undazzled, able to discern,
Free from the laden board and feast of state,
Fasting, I say, let us this theme debate.

Why fasting? do you ask? I'll tell you straight
Of a bribed judge the judgment bears no weight.

When upon mettled steed you've coursed the hare,
Or hurled the discus, or the Roman spear;
Of wrestling, or Greek revels, wearied grown,
When labour has restored the jaded tone,
Hungry and thirsty—then reject plain food,
And hold that no Falernian can be good
Without Hymettan honey. Should it be
The absent steward or tempestuous sea
Beholds you dining upon bread and salt
Unmurmuring—say, is luxury at fault,
Simplicity supplying all you wish?
'Tis not the relish then of fowl or fish,
The charm in hunger, and not oysters, lies
Of what we appetite or what despise.
I will not ask you when a peacock's drest,
To eat roast-pullet; for you see its crest
And see its tail, and know the bird cost gold,
A rarest bird that can a tail unfold,
Unequalled plumage, so superb it looked.
It did so, and does doubtless when 'tis cooked.
Imagination cheats you, for the food
In hen or peahen equally is good.
The flavour tells you whence the sturgeon came;
You Ostia, Tiber, or the bridges, name
As waters where 'twas caught. You praise to fits
A three-pound mullet, to be chopped to bits;
You like your sturgeon small, your mullets great,
Reversing laws of Nature for your meat.

The hungry man rejects not any fish,
The largest mullet on the largest dish
Delights him ; for he has a harpy's throat.
But ye, true gluttons, ye delight and dote
On boar or turbot blasted by the breeze,
Till it attain the flavour ripe to please.
If surfeited the laden stomach groan,
Radish or sorrel must restore its tone.
Yet signs of old simplicity we trace
Where the hard egg or olive holds its place ;
Also against Gallonius we exclaim,
The common crier, a cormorant in fame.
Were there not turbot then in ocean's bed ?
Safe was the turbot, safely the stork bred
Until your Prætor taught us otherwise.
If he, forsooth, should roasted cormorant prize,
The Roman youth would follow as he led,
Not so Ofellus, fashion was his dread.
He strove to steer a middle course between
Profuse expenditure and manners mean.

Avidienus, also called the cur,
A worthy nickname, would without demur
Dine upon olives five years old, and eat
Silvestrian cornels, quaffing as a treat
His wine turned acid, oil turned *odorous* ;
And upon festal, natal days, he thus
Clad in white garments would on cabbage feast.
The rancid oil was drop by drop released,
But then he did not spare old vinegar.
Between two models we endangered are.

The greedy wolf and the foul-feeding dog,
We must avoid them both, nor wolf nor hog
Must win us, though our teeth be famine set ;
And neither, with Albutius, martinet
Our servants, when they serve upon a feast ;
Neither, with simple Nævius, like a beast,
Drink impure water. Now let us proceed
With temperance and blessings which succeed
Health ; as against the many ills that ban,
Surfeits and sicknesses, besetting man.
The boiled, the roast, the oyster, and the thrush,
When bile and phlegm, and spleen the body crush ;
Mark you yon pallid riser from the feast,
He walks among us as of soul surceased,
Borne down and burthened with a weight condign,
Without a particle of soul divine.
Now view the other side : refreshing sleep,
Slumbers from which the soul and body leap
To the day's duty, or its festal cheer,
Should the day be one festive of the year.
If he would rest from labour or from age
He has the right, repose his years engage ;
But if in strength from idleness he lags,
What shall restore him when his vigour flags ?
'Tis said our ancestry loved rancid boar,
You think their noses, as their meats, were hoar ;
I do not think so, 'twas in fact to eat
In company, they kept, till tainted, meat.
Would I had lived in their heroic days.
Love you the sound of fame, the song of praise ?

Set not your faith on fish and luxuries ;
Ruined in person and in purse, fame flies
In condemnation of you,—foes and neighbours all
Join in the hounding, till you almost fall
By suicide,—saved by the want of means
To buy a rope.

 You hold that taste demeans
Itself in Thrasius, but that your estate
Of regal magnitude, needs regal state.
Are there none other flowing streams for pelf?
Why is thy neighbour poorer than thyself?
Why ruined lie the temples and the fanes?
Your country, so beloved by you, remains
Unbenefited by the princely store ;
Will Fortune favour now and evermore?
Will you e'er walk the scorn of enemies?
Nay he is far securer who defies
The power of Fortune, he who can endure
Hardship and poverty, who self-secure
Content with little and devoid of fear,
In midst of peacefulness, sees war appear.

 Oh credit it : Ofellus I adduce
In proof of his own lore. It was my use,
A little lad, to listen to his lore.
He then was wealthy, but he used his store
As now he uses poverty ; his lands
Divided now among disbanded bands.
Whilst the flocks graze, his sons stand round his chair,
He tells his tale : “ Bacon and cabbage were

My food on working-days; but if a feast
Or if a guest arrived, or if released
From labour by the storm, we ate the best
We had at hand, a kid or fowl was dressed;
We did not send to Rome for fish; we had
Grapes, nuts, and figs our own; to make us glad.
We had our sports, the cup our thirst allayed;
We worshipped Ceres, for the harvest prayed,
And the wine smoothed the worn and furrowed brow.
Let Fortune rage, she cannot hurt us now;
She did not hurt us then; we live the same
Before and after the 'disbanded' came.
Nature gives not her lands in permanence,
She would not plant, she will not root me hence;
The colonist inherits, him the law
Will disinherit, by some folly, flaw,—
Farm of Ofellus, which I deemed mine own,
Farm of Umbrenus, now, I rent alone.
Another name will oust his. Constant be,
A bold front can defeat adversity."

NOTE.—We find in this satire the same diabolical state of things as Virgil complains of in two of his eclogues—the colonist, *i.e.* the disbanded soldier, assuming the public lands. *Coloniæ* the lands were called, and their possessors *Coloni*. They turned out the old colonist or his sons, or the purchaser of the lands, for they were purchased and sold, when Sylla or Marius disbanded their legions; and so we find Virgil ousted, Ofellus ousted, who contents himself by the reflection that Umbrenus will be ousted in his turn.

SATIRE III.

DAM. So rarely do you write, we look in vain
Through weary months to see another strain.
So angry with yourself that wine and sleep
Monopolise the harvest we should reap.
What shall be done? The Saturnalia fled,
And to these shades by the sweet Muses led,
Up and begin: sing us another song.

HOR. I cannot write, for everything goes wrong;
In vain my pens and paper I accuse,
The gods are hostile, hostile is the Muse.

DAM. Up and essay; you sought this placid seat,
You left the town, with aspirations great.
Why have you packed your authors, and at hand
Menander, Eupolis, and Plato stand—
Is it to silence envy? Take you care
You fall not in contempt. The Siren fair
Named Indolence besets you; if you yield
You but renounce the trophies of the field.

HOR. Now, Damasippus, may the powers divine
All gods and goddesses, for counsel fine,
Grant thee a barber good. How learnt you me?

DAM. Well, when my business fail'd me, don't you see—
Where Janus stands—I minded the affairs
Of other folk. Curious in antique wares,
Brass, wherein Sisyphus had washed his feet;
Rough sculptured marbles, bronzes cast unmeet,
I priced them ne'ertheless, and priced them well.
Houses and gardens too I bought to sell,

Until upon the forum known and rich,
As Mercury's friend.

HOR. I heard of that same itch,
How were you cured?

DAM. As you inoculate;
One evil drives another from the state,
As when the ill deserts the heart or reins,
And rushes to the head; lethargic brains
Grow mad at times, and break the doctor's skull.

HOR. I trust you are not rabid, as I'm dull.

DAM. Oh sir, content you! Every one is mad,
Yourself with others, every lass and lad,
If what Stertinius teaches is correct.
His admonitions raised me 'midst the elect;
When first he bade me nurture this wise beard.
I stood on the Fabrician bridge and heard
His precepts true. I stood with muffled head
A ruined man, to plunge in Tiber's bed,
When he addressed me;—"Now then, have a care
That what you do is right: 'tis shame and fear
You think will drive you lunatic—pooh, pooh!
All other men are quite as mad as you.
Now listen to the precepts of my school,
Then if you think you are the only fool,
Go drown yourself forthwith, you have my leave.
Folly and ignorance the mind deceive,
So say Chrysippus and the Stoic band;
All kings and mobs included. Stoics stand
Solely excepted; all others hold a claim
As well as you, a title to the name.

As in a wood one error throws you out,
Howe'er to right and left you turn about;
E'en so are you : but he who deems you mad,
Grovvelling like you is every whit as bad.
One set of madmen fear, with nought to fear ;
As fire or flood, in front or in the rear.
Another madness, just as wild, inspires
Some fellow who will dash through flood and fires ;
Although his mother, father, sister, wife
Bawl in his ears to bid him save his life—
He hears no more than Fusius, dumb who lay
Asleep, with Iliona in the play,
Whilst the poor actor to a thousand tongues
Cries, ' Mother save me,' with stentorian lungs.

Now will I show forms wherein madness lies :
Is Damasippus buying statues wise ?
Or is his creditor who sells it sane ?
The creditor who ne'er may see again
His property or cash, who urges you
Inspired by Mercury ; what will you do,
Accept it or refuse ? ' Well, I would have
A bill on Nerius '—A bill on Nerius, brave—
Add lawyers' deeds, add penalties and pains,
Proteus escapes despite a thousand chains ;
Drag him to the tribunals, you will see
Him change his shape, a boar, a bird, a tree.
If madness 'tis, to sell to men of straw
When men of substance from the sale withdraw ;
Perillius, too, is mad to take your bill
For debt, you neither can repay, nor will.

Let us proceed : let all their togas wind
Whom love of lucre, an ambitious mind,
Or luxury, or superstition holds,
With other mental maladies, in folds ;
Come all and stand around me in a ring,
And listen whilst I forms of madness sing.
Anticyra, the island, town and shore,
Is owned by misers, for its hellebore.
The heirs of one Staberius were required
To write upon his tomb a verse desired,
Or pay a penalty ; that is to say, a feast
To be by Arrius ordered, with, at least,
A hundred pair of gladiators ; he
Testily adding, now don't 'uncle' me :
I think now this Staberius was no ass."

DAM. I think he was, for what can be more crass
Than on a tombstone to write legacies ?

STER. Long as he lived most hateful to his eyes
Was poverty ; in his own sight he passed
As worthier with each farthing he amassed.
Virtue and fame and honour, things divine,
Things human, all, silver and gold enshrine ;
And man moreover, noble, just, and wise,
A monarch, what he will. Staberius lies
Like to a conqueror, midst trophies won.
Next, Aristippus, half his journey done
On Libyan wastes, bade cast his gold away
Because its weight and portage caused delay.
Which was the maddest of the twain ?

DAM.

Can we

From such examples raise an honest plea?
What think you of a man who buys up lyres,
Whom neither music nor the Muse inspires?
Or one, no cobbler, buying lasts and awls:
Or one, no sailor, buying masts and yawls?
Why they are crazed!

STER.

And he amassing gold,

Who knows not how to use it; am I told
He and his heap of dross are different?
Or miser on a heap of wheat, content
To guard it with a club, yet eats it not;
But lives on cabbage from his garden-plot?
Or him with Chian or Falernian wine
A thousand amphoræ, yet wills to dine
On vinegar: or him of eighty years
Who sleeps on straw, whilst the moth maggot sears
His cushioned beds? Bah! you will ever find
Cases like these absorbing half mankind.

Man! hateful to the gods, why do you save
Your treasured trash,—is it for son or slave
To waste in riot? Go, buy a feast of bread,
Cabbage and oil, and wash that scurvy head.

If Nature is content with little, why
Pilfer and rob for more; why swear and lie?
And are you sane? who break your fellow's bones,
Or pelt the slave, purchased with gold, with stones?
The girls and boys will bawl out you are mad.
Or if you hang your wife, or, just as bad,

Poison your good old mother, are you sane?
Tis not in Argos, mind you, not the reign
Of mad Orestes—parricidal spot—
Him maddened by the Furies, and what not :
Yet when the deed was done, he sobered grew.
His sense returned again, he neither slew
Electra with the sword, nor Pylades.
Venting his splendid bile afforded ease
In calling her a fury, him a fiend.

Opimius, poor midst golden store, was weaned,
Though he drank swipes on work-a-days, to pay
For Vejentanum on a festal day,
Which cast him in a lethargy profound.
His heir in triumph entered with a bound,
The doctor came as quickly, and essayed
A dodge to rouse him : bags of gold he laid
Upon the table, whence they rolled the gold.
Amidst the clatter, he the patient told
To rouse himself and save it from the heir.
“ What whilst I live ? ” Wake up, and have a care,
Your veins are bloodless and your cheek is wan ;
You must be nourished, drink down this ptisan.
“ What will it cost ? ” Why nothing. “ Tell me true.”
Well then, eight asses. “ That will never do ;
As well to die of emptiness as theft.”

DAM. Who then is sane ?

STER. He, with no folly left.

DAM. What of the miser ?

STER. Foolish and insane.

DAM. If not a miser, has he a sound brain ?

STER. By no means ; no.

DAM. Wherefore, dear Stoic, why ?

STER. When you are sick and forced in bed to lie,

And would be up and doing ; Craterus wise

Puts in his veto, saneness he denies.

He that nor perjured is, nor covetous,

May kill his pig, to Lares of his house ;

And let th' ambitious and insatiate man

Be off unto Anticyra. Nor can

I difference see 'twixt casting in the pit

The wealth you waste, ever abusing it.

Servius Oppidius, of Canusium, had

Two sons and two estates : he gave each lad

Lying upon his deathbed, last advice.

Aulus, he said, you carried nuts and dice

Loose in your robe, to give or lose in play.

Whilst you, Tiberius, hid your toys away.

I, my dear boys, feared that your madness might

Follow the miser's and the spendthrift's plight.

So now, I pray my gods, it come to pass

That Aulus may not spend, nor you amass ;

Let what sufficed your father suffice you.

Another thing I charge ye not to do :

Do not be tickled with the pride of place,

Ædile or Prætorships, shall not debase—

Let this injunction stand inviolate,—

To change your peas and beans for empty state ;

To walk in pomp processions, or to stand

In brass, at price of your ancestral land ;

Rivals unto Agrippa; and allied
Unto the fox, to stalk with giant stride.
Wherefore unburied did great Ajax lie?
O son of Atreus say.

AGAM. A king am I!

STER. Then I, a mere plebeian, ask no more.

AGAM. I so commanded: yet will I endure—

You think the deed unjust—to hear your mind.

STER. Greatest of kings! may the gods good and kind
Grant thee a safe return from raided Troy;
But may I question thee without annoy?

AGAM. You may: say on.

STER. Then why is Ajax doomed
To rot upon the earth, thus unentombed?
Next to Achilles on Fame's roll was he,
And the Achivans owed him fealty;
Was it that Priam and his sons may sleep?

AGAM. The fellow massacred a thousand sheep,
He thought he scourged Ulysses, thought he slew
Great Menelaus and myself.

STER. And you
At Aulis, for a calf's, the life-blood shed
Of your sweet child. When you cast on her head
The sacred meal and salt, were you then sane?
What did poor Ajax more with maddened brain,
He slew not wife nor son; he railed on you.
Ulysses neither he, nor Teucer, slew.

AGAM. Ah me! to soothe the winds and lull the main,
I offered blood.

STER. Your own blood! O insane!

AGAM. Yes, my own blood ; but I insane was not.

STER. Your troubled thoughts had in confusion got,

You viewed the matter with distempered eyes ;

Anger and madness differ in nowise ;

Ajax was crazy when those flocks he slew ;

You in cold blood and upon pleas-untrue,

Upon vainglory, sacrificed your child :

The heart was puffed with pride and so beguiled.

Now if a man should a white lamb maintain,

Pet it and clothe, appoint a female train ;

And get it ornaments, perhaps a spouse,

Endearingly include it in his vows,

The Prætor would debar his civil rights.

Shall he who slays his child in holy rites

For votive lamb, shall he not be debarred ?

Oh wickedness is madness, stern and hard ;

Folly depraved is worse ; and martial fire

Bloodstained Bellona ! mad as maddest ire !

And luxury ? take Nomentanum's case,

The race of spendthrifts is an insane race.

A boy inherits—a thousand talents, say ;

Fishers and fowlers, fruiterers, straightway ;

Buffoons, perfumers, cooks, all Tuscan street,

All the Velabrum and Macella meet

Next morning at his house. The pander speaks :

“ Whate'er we have, whate'er our patron seeks,

To-day or else to-morrow, we will find.”

The youth responding with ingenuous mind,

“ Lucanian huntsman—you who gaitered go

To capture me a boar, through night and snow ;

You fisherman, who dare the wintry seas,
Here take my purse, divide it if you please.
To you, dear pander, triple be the measure
Due to the giver of the midnight treasure."

The son of Æsop, from Metella's ear,
Plucked a pearl-pendant, and he cast the gear
In an acetic solvent; so he quaffed
A thousand sesterces at one sole draught.
Say would it be a madder deed to throw
The pearl in the cloaca's filthy flow?

The sons of Arrius—an illustrious pair
In crime and follies, making the mob stare,
Dined upon nightingales; how will you mark
That deed, with chalk or charcoal, light or dark?

Suppose a bearded man to find resource
In odd and even, ride a cocky-horse,
Building up pasteboard houses, yoking mice
To waggonettes; suppose the lover's vice
Weeping his faithless mistress; it is plain
Such childish men and lovers are insane.
If I have proved it, act like Polemon:
Cast off the evil symbols you have on,
Torques, sandals, wreaths; he listened to the lore
Of a sage master, and the wreaths he wore
He silently and secretly cast off.

An angry urchin will refuse and scoff
Your apple in his rage; if you deny,
He'll ask it of you with a piping eye.
The lover thus, raves and declares his pain,
See him depart in rage—come back again—

Return when uninvited to closed doors.
But now invited back, when she implores,
He questions: shall I go, or break this chain?
She shut me out, she calls me back again—
Shall I return? Not though she me intreat.
The clever servant saw this lover-heat,
And sagely thus responded: "Master mine,
Think not by reason's rule to choose a line
In that where neither rule nor reason guides;
In love are many hidden shoals and tides,
Now war, now peace—and will you these control,
The mobile motions of the sea or soul?
Alike the hope or folly to restrain
The madness of the mind and of the main."

When you flip pips of apples to the roof,
Joyful to hit the ceiling, are you proof?
And when you babble in a mimic tongue
To please the baby, don't you rank among
Them, building baby-houses?

Let us next
Make blood and flame, stirred by the sword, our text.
When Marius smote fair Hellade, and threw
Himself from off the cliff, were his wits true?
You won't admit the madness, but the crime:
'Tis but another name, another chime.

A freedman fasting, who had washed his hands
At dawning morning, in a crossway stands
A wizard-wight! and cried, "Snatch me from death,
Me only, ye great gods; grant me my breath!"

Was that man sound of mind? Had he been sold,
His master might of eyes and ears have told;
But had excepted wits from guarantee,
Unless he loved a lawsuit. Chrysippus, he,
Declares this man came of Menenian race.
"O Jupiter!" a mother cried, "whose grace
Sheds ills on earth, and takes earth's ills away—
Oh spare my child!" who now a fifth month lay
In quartan fever; "and I, upon thy feast,
Will plunge him in the Tiber, if released."
The doctor cured him; and the mother went
Straightway to Tiber on her vow intent,
Plunged him, and brought him fevered home to bed.
What caused that madness? superstitious dread.

DAMASIPPUS TO HORACE.

Stertinius taught me this: our eighth wise man:
He armed me with the method and the plan.
Who calls me madman, let him mind his tack,
I'll hang a pendant to his tell-tale back.

HOR. Stoic! may'st thou be happy in thy craft,
And thrive again. Tell me, since I am daft,
Since legion is the madness of the brain,
On what, especially, am I insane?

DAM. Did mad Agave ever then suspect,
Rending her son, that her own mind was wrecked?

HOR. Nay, I confess my madness; yield to truth,
I am insane; but wish to know, in sooth,
Wherein my mind especially runs wild.

DAM. Then mark and learn: high soaring and beguiled,

Smallest of stature to strive with the great ;
And what is stranger, you deride your mate,
The swaggering Turbo, for his manly stride.
You—more absurd than him you so deride,
Aping Mæcenas—think you that you can
Do all that giant does, my little man !
It minds me of the little frog, a bull
Crushed in its mother's absence ; his brother full,
Of fright and horror told the story wild :
A monstrous monstrous brute had crushed her child.
“How big ?” she cried, “how big ; as big as this ?”
Puffing her skin with air. “He bigger is,”
Replied the son : the old frog puffed again—
“Bigger than this ?” “Ah, mother ! 'tis in vain,
Though you should burst, you cannot mate his size.”
Behold your portrait, there your picture lies.
Add verse, or say, add oil unto the fire ;
If bard were ever wise, you might aspire
To be *the* one perhaps. I now pass by
Your mightier madness when—

HOR. I say, lay by—

DAM. Soaring above your means—

HOR. Now, Damasippus, hold ;

'Tis of yourself you tell.

DAM. Your body old,

Burning with sexual passions—

HOR. Thine own redress,

'Thou greater madman ! spare to spurn the less.

SATIRE IV.

HORACE—CATIUS.

HOR. WHITHER and whence, O Catius, are you running?

CAT. I have no time to lose; O wondrous cunning!

Precepts immortal! beating all, I say so—

Socrates, and Pythagoras, and Plato.

HOR. I do much wrong at such a time to stay you,

Nevertheless, O pardon me, I pray you;

For should aught slip, your memory so good is—

You will retrieve it, when the thoughtful mood is.

CAT. Ah! that's just it; but this lore is so subtle

Finedrawn a thread, 'tis almost sure to scuttle.

HOR. Who is your doctor, stranger or a Roman?

CAT. That is a secret shall be told to no man,

But for his doctrine, hear it, I beseech you:

Eggs must be oval and not round, we teach you,

The yolk is firmer and the white is purer,

Holding a cock-bird in its embryo surer;

Colewort is sweetest without irrigation;

And watering orchards, simply botheration.

When the guest stays to sup and you surrender,

And the old hen is tough, to make her tender,

Dip her alive in mingled wine and water.

Mushrooms from meadows, elsewhere may be slaughter.

He shall live longest who eats after dining,

Ripe mulberries, gathered before sun-shining.

Aufidius with Falernian wine mixed honey

For his first morning cup; 'twas wasting money.

The matin draught should be confined to sweetness,
And, after that the wine-cup gives completeness.
The mildest, gentlest, best aperient going,
Muscles, white wine of Cos, and sorrel growing.
In the new moon you should dredge up the shell-fish,
But 'tis not every sea that yields the swell fish ;
The Baian muscle and Circean oyster,
And Lucrine scallops, these are fatter, moister ;
But soft Tarentum furnishes best cockles.
'Tis not in man to cater without boggles,
He must be learned in seasonings and sauces ;
Study the market, regulate the courses,
Know what to broil, and what to make a hash of.
Umbrian wild boar he may give a dash of,
Fed upon chesnuts, acorns are the best of all ;
But boars Laurentine, fed on weeds, are bestial.
You must look sharp about a kid that's vine-fed,
Shoulders of hares when pregnant are divine bread ;
I know a dodge or two on fowl and fishes,
No one knows more of Epicurean dishes.
Then there's the pastry puzzling a man's wit,
Many a novice bungles it and bans it ;
Just as they souse a gurnet, ere the guests dine,
With tainted olive, marring very best wine.
Put out your Massican when the moon is shining,
Midnight serene is famous for refining ;
Takes off the smell too, to the nervous hostile,
Filtering spoils it, vapid to tongue and nostril.
Lees of Falernian give Surrentum lightness,
A pigeon's egg cast in restores its brightness.

And now to tell you how to raise an appetite,
Fried squills and cockles rouse up one that's jaded
quite ;

Lettuce avoid, it cold upon the stomach lies ;
Ham now and sausages act in just the other wise,
But at a cook's shop never purchase sausages.
Nature, in sauces, only owns two kinds, she says :
Simple sweet olive—or, if you want one richer,
Wine and anchovy, bought of Byzantine fisher ;
Crocus Corycian, and with minced herbs flavour,
And Venafranan oil will give it savour.
Tiburtine fruits show better than Picenan,
But yet are not so sweet ; vintages Vicanan
Make the best conserves, but Alban grapes dry better.
And now of sauces—one I call the whetter,
Apples, anchovy, pepper, salt, and wine lees,
Served on clean platters, make a sauce that must
please.

And 'tis a monstrous fault, markets with and riches,
To serve up, in hotchpot dish, multifarious fishes ;
And 'tis detestable when a young greasy urchin
Fingers the goblets, institutes a search in
Soups, with his fingers, leaves the goblets musty.
Ever be cleanly, rooms should not smell fusty ;
Dusters and brooms cost next to nothing, sawdust
Is a fine substitute, better far than raw dust.
So dirty besoms smudge tessellated pavements,
And covers hide foul cushions needing lavements ;
Small the expense and care to keep in order,
Greater the shame of dirt and of disorder.

If you mind small things, cleanly cups and dishes,
Guests won't repine for the glare of absent riches.

HOR. O learned Catius, by friendship I beseech you,
Let me behold this sage and hear him teach you ;
For though you well interpret his sound doctrine,
Yet this retailing is a sort of mock strain ;
I would behold and learn by mien and gesture,
For of modes mundane, seeing is the best sure.
Let me in ignorance grovel here no longer,
But quaff from fountain-spring vital waters stronger.

SATIRE V.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULY. TIRESIAS hold, one word before we part :
Instruct me in the method and the art
How to redeem my substance ? Ah, you smile !

TIR. Say, is it not enough, O man of guile,
To lead you back to Ithaca and home ?

ULY. Prophet of truth ! as you foretold, I roam
And I return—naked as I was born—
To raided fields and garners void of corn ;
Valour and birth so destitute are base.

TIR. Ah ! it is poverty you fear to face,
Then listen, I will teach you to grow rich.
Suppose a thrush or snipe, no matter which,
Be sent to you, off and despatch it straight
Unto the richest oldest dolt, in state ;

And the first fruits and fairest of the year,
Refused unto your Lares, to him bear.
True ; he is perjured, of no name, nor race,
A murderer, fugitive, give place, give place ;
Bow, bow to him, and yield him precedence.

ULY. What ! to a lackey and a slave ? far hence
Be such a thought ! Shall I so militate,
I, who have fought at Troy with good and great ?

TIB. Therefore thou wilt be poor.

ULY. Poor let me be,
And bear with equal soul my poverty ;
I am not ignorant of ill. O seer !
Tell me, I pray you, how to heap up gear ?

TIB. I told you then, and I repeat it still :
Watch you where some old dotard makes his will ;
And though some sly one see the baited hook,
Be not cast down, you will bring some to book.
Look out the plaintiffs and defendants all,
At every suit at law, or great or small ;
And stick to one that's rich and has no heir,
A scoundrel or a villain—never care.
But if he has a young wife or a child,
Avoid him. Ever let your man be styled
Quintus or Publius—tickling his pride :
“ Your worth alone has drawn me to your side,
I learned am in law, defensive pleas,
The plaintiff shall my eyes and eyelids seize,
As rob you of a nutshell ; 'tis no jest,
Law is the business of my life professed.”

Then bid him go and sleep, and undertake
To watch it night and morning for his sake.
Though the red dog-star split the statued block,
Or furious Furius the summits shock
Of Alpine glaciers, in their frosty pride,*
Let some one there be ready at his side
To pluck his elbow, and to say "Behold!
Was ever counsel for his friend more bold?"
So shalt thou catch thy tunny in the net.
But there are other fishings to beset,
Such as a rich man with a sickly son.
We must beware, and not too rashly run,
But strive disinterested to appear;
Strive for the second post, behind the heir,
He may assign you that: who then may go
'To Orcus—as perchance he may, you know.

Now if a dotard bid you read his will,
Refuse, and push it from you, take it ill;
But glance obliquely, as not by design,
To see your name upon the second line
Alone, or in conjunction with co-heirs.
A learned scribe amongst the quinquevirs
Will often thus delude the gaping crowd.

Coranus laughed at old Nasica so.

ULY. Tiresias! are you raving, or do you
Obscurely teach me what to think and do?

TR. Son of Laertes! what I say will be;
Apollo's gift is surely given to me.

* This balderdash is quotation, and runs in King Cambyses' vein.

ULY. Go on, then ; read the riddle, if you may.

TIR. What time a youth, alike the Romans' stay

And Parthians' terror, of Æneian strain,
Shall spread his empire over land and main,
Nasica shall devote his daughter's hand
To stout Coranus, to redeem his land
Mortgaged unto him : who in turn is bent
To make Nasica read the testament
He pushes then before him ; he complies,
And reads the document with modest eyes ;
But sees no legacy. He willed his heir
The power to weep and wail upon his bier.

Again, Ulysses ! if a wanton wife
Or freedman trouble much an old man's life,
Accede unto them, praise them, earn their praise ;
And if he vent his heart in verse and lays,
Applaud them to the skies ; this never fails,
With winning breezes you spread purple sails.
Or if he need thy wife—Penelope—

ULY. Tiresias, hold ! say not what ne'er can be ;
The chaste, the true,—she whom the suitor train
Woored for her beauty, ever woored in vain.

TIR. They were too chary of their gifts and pelf,
They loved the feast more than the dame herself,
And so Penelope is chaste : her price
To share with you had won her in a trice.
Timidity had grown assurance bold.

I'll tell a tale : in Thebes, I then was old,
A witch—a bad one—was borne to her grave ;
The corpse anointed, by a sturdy knave,

She willed it so by testament—her heir.
She had bethought she might slip off that bier
Of him so wearied of her when alive.
Be cautious in thy part, nor overstrive,
And mind, morose men hate garrulity ;
Yet be not dumb, be Davus in the play,
Stand with your head dejected, as in awe,
And be obsequious ; if the wintry flaw
Blow on his pate, bid him to cover it ;
Applaud his sayings, as if Attic wit ;
Oppose your broadest shoulders to the crowd,
And at his jests, with lifted hands, laugh loud ;
Till puffed up like a bladder, he cry hold.
When death shall ease you, and his will unrolled,
They read it and you hear the covenant—
The fourth part of my goods I give and grant
Unto Ulysses—straightway wail and cry,
“ Damas is gone ! Oh misery ! lost have I
My friend, companion ! ” then squeeze out a tear,
And let it drop ; beware no joy appear
Upon your visage ; let the funeral rite
Be such as may the neighbourhood delight.
If a co-heir, old and asthmatic, sigh—
Say to him, “ Sir, whate’er you wish to buy,
Or house or land, is yours : we can transfer
By a fictitious sale ”—Hark !—that is her—
Imperious Proserpina ! the knell,
Recalling me—Ulysses, live, farewell.

SATIRE VI.

THIS was my dream : a farm nor large nor small,
With orchard, and with fountain's bubbling fall,
And plot of sylvan wood : all this and more
The gods have granted me, nor greater store
O son of Maia ! will I ask of heaven ;
Only let these be mine, and free from leaven.

If I have ne'er augmented wealth by greed,
Nor tried by undue practice to succeed,
Nor prayed as blockheads pray ; Oh ! let me round
That ugly angle of my pleasure ground ;
Or let me find a jar of coins, like him
Who, ploughing, found a jar filled to the brim
With coins of gold, by aid of Hercules,
And with them bought that field.

If prayers like these

I utter not, contented with my stock,
And rightly pray you to make fat my flock,
Et cætera, and keep my wits in due
And happy plight, as hath been hitherto.

Well I am out of town ; with mountains girt,
I live as in a citadel inert.
Now let me chant my lot, praise my repose
In honest verse—intelligent as prose.
Ambition galls me not, nor do I fear
Notus, or Auster dread, to touch me here
Evils which are to Libitina dear.

O matutinal father—Janus—whom
Mortals invoke when daily they resume

Their mortal moils, as deities decree,
Oh! be propitious to my verse and me.

When I awake at Rome, egad, I rise
To stand for bail; and hurry for the prize
Though Aquilon is raging, though the snow
Fall on the shortest day; up, up, and go,
And when I spoken have to my own hurt,
And push back through the crowd around me girt,
Who shout holloa, how now, the devil, man,
You shove you don't care whom; it is your plan
When you bolt to Mæcenas—and I own
I like the flattery, nor blame the tone.

Arrived at Esquiline, a hundred things
I care no fig for, meet me on their wings.
Sir, Roscius bids me find you, to invite
Your company at Puteal, two, to-night.
Quinté, the Council of the State, remind
To-morrow's meeting. Do not be behind.
Sir, will you get Mæcenas' signature
To my petition? If I can, be sure.
You can, Sir, if you will. And off he goes.

'Tis seven years since, the eighth year onward flows,
Since first Mæcenas chose me for a friend,
And made me his companion, to attend
Him in his chariot drive, to chat away
On weighty nothings. What's the time of day?
Confound these frosty mornings, how they bite!
Say will the Thracian and the Syrian fight?
Such the imperial subjects we debate.
Yet since that time subject am I to hate

Envy and malice, growing more and more.
He takes me to the games, we play a score,
And lo! they pointing say, see Fortune's son!
And from the rostrum straightway rumours run;
Whoever meets consults me: stop and tell
You who draw knowledge from the fountain well,
What about Dacia? Nothing that I know.
Nothing, ay you can jest. In good faith, no.
I swear by Jupiter! The public lands
Which Cæsar grants to the disbanded bands,
Are they Italian or Trinacrian?
I swear I do not know, and yet my man
Stands in amazement at my reticence.

So passes time at Rome—I wish me thence.
O rustic home, how do I pine for thee!
When shall I stretch on turf, beneath the tree
And read my classic authors, sleep and dream,
Forgetting Rome and all its fitful stream?
When shall I feast on beans again, despite
The good Pythagoras—with bacon dight?

Oh! nights and suppers of the gods! My friends
On couches round; and every slave attends
To join the feast divine; and cups they troll,
And each drains as he lists the mighty bowl
A flood or modicum, compulsion none.
And then they parley when the feast is done,
Not of their neighbours' houses or their grounds,
How Cantrix sings, or how high Lepos bounds,
But what it most befitteth man to know,
Of virtue and self-government below.

What creates happiness, what causes rest ;
Or if the rich or virtuous are more blest,
How we select our friends, caught by the lure
Of beauty or of wealth, or mental store,
And what is good, and better, and what best ?

Cervius, you know, his sentiment expressed
In form of fable : when he heard one praised
For heaps of wealth, he said, with voice upraised,
Once on a time a country mouse received
A town mouse at his cave ; a feat achieved
Because they were and had been friends of old.
The country host, though chary, was not cold,
And spread his table amply of his best,
Garnered chick-pease and oats ; and brought his guest
Dried raisins on the stalk, and rasher gnawed ;
For with the look of deep disdain, o'erawed
Of his fastidious guest—he would dispel
The airs disdainful the guest could not quell :
Whilst he himself, though host, was very fain
To munch at wheaten straw and cockle grain.
Then spoke the urban visitor, good friend,
Why how on earth, how can you condescend
To live in patience in this rocky den ?
Come quit this wilderness, and see how men,
Live in our civic haunts : all mortal breath,
Believe me, friend, is subject unto death—
The great and small, none none can him evade.
Enjoy existence, till that debt be paid ;
It will not be for long, be sure of that.

This sentiment struck home : our rustic flat

Jumps up to quit his cave; away they bowl.
 Their notion was to enter by some hole
 At midnight through the walls: 'twas midnight deep,
 They chose a mansion; through a chink they creep,
 Where purple cushions couched on ivory,
 And where the feast of yesterday, put by,
 Filled many a basket; then our civic friend,
 Couching our rustic, girds himself to tend;
 Succinct he serves, he bustles here and there,
 And serves the provender of choicest cheer,
 And, like a courtly mouse, tastes first of all.

Our Rusticus enchanted, feasts in stall,
 When folding doors burst open, horrid sounds
 Of human monsters and Molossian hounds.
 They cut and ran, they scudded here and there
 In doubt and peril and half-dead with fear.
 And when the noise and danger had passed by,
 I bid you now, said Rusticus, good-bye—
 This does not suit me—let me, free from cares,
 Live in my silvan cave, and munch my tares.

SATIRE VII.

SATURNALIA.

DAVUS. Now here I am, and though a slave, desire
 To speak if that I dared.

HOR.

Ah! Davus?

DAY.

Sire,

'Tis Davus, faithful slave, and honest too,
 Honest as to humanity is due.

HOR. Well, 'tis December ; use thy liberty,

'Tis Saturnalia : now then, fire away.

DAV. Sir, many men are obstinate in wrong,
And in a headstrong course still dash along.
But more float with the tide, and now do good
And now do ill by chance : be it understood
That Priscus sometimes wears three rings upon
Each several finger, now his hand bears none.
He never knows his mind—he changes vest
With every hour—now seeks a lodging best,
Now hides him in a garret, sooth to tell,
Where not a decent slave would choose to dwell.
Now fornicates at Rome, and now resolves
To study hard at Athens ; he revolves
Ah, truly, like Vertumnus. Now then, see,
Old Volanerius—gouty-fingered—he
Hires a boy to gather up his dice
And cast them for him in the box ; his vice
So fixed, unaltered, running in one groove,
Methinks, upon the whole, will better prove
Than your aye rangers.

HOR. Well, scoundrel ! now apply
Your fine discourse, at whom do these tropes fly ?

DAV. At you, I say.

HOR. At me, you villain knave ?

DAV. You praise old manners, and the customs brave
Of ancient times : yet should some god decree
Such to be thine, you would withdraw your plea.
Therefore 'tis plain, the principles you teach
You do not hold, you think not as you preach ;

That keeps us honest. Are you, tell me then,
Are you, the slave of all things and all men,
Are you my master? Why, the Prætor's staff
That manumits the slave, would fail by half
To manumit your fears. Another thing
In proof of what I say, I forward bring.
For slaves are of two kinds—vicarial some,
The others equal; so it is at home,
I am your slave, and thou my master art;
But elsewhere you are slave and play your part
As others pull the strings.

HOR. Who, then, is free?

DAV. The Sage, who rules himself; nor poverty,
Nor death, nor chains affright; who rules himself,
Who scorns at honours, who despises pelf,
Round as a ball, himself a solid sphere,
Lacking no more externals, lacking fear
Of cripple Fortune. Tell me can you see
Your portrait in this picture: Talents three,
Firstly, your dame exacts, then objurgates,
Then with cold sousings drives you from her gates,
Then calls you back again with nod and beck.
Zounds! will you go? come liberate your neck
From this vile yoke, declare that you are free;
You can't. Ah, well! Passion will master be,
And whip and goad you like the veriest slave.

Before a Pausian portrait how you rave,
Marvel you, then, that I stand and admire
The gladiators' portraits full of fire,

Fulvius and Rutubas in bloody strife,
Where every circumstance is shown like life?
Then Davus is an idler: if you waste
A whole day thus, you are a man of taste.

So if I scent the reeking cakes, oh fie!
The whilst my master hates all revelry,
He soars above the brutish appetite.
Why should my belly do my back despite
Which for it bears the blows? But are not you
Emerging from a supper punished too?
Your stomach flatulent with crudities,
With faltering footstep and deceptive eyes.

An urchin steals and changes in the gloom
A strigil for some grapes: his master, whom
Nor thirst nor hunger urges, sells his lands:
His farms and rents, in a like way, change hands.
May I not also add you never know
How you will pass the day, whence come, where go,
What eat, what drink, or where to sleep, I ween
The victim of black bile and yellow spleen.

HOR. Had I a stone—

DAV. And wherefore want a stone?

HOR. Had I a dart—

DAV. Now leave the dart alone,
You're mad or making verses.

HOR. Go away,
Or at the Sabine farm—be off I say—
A knave! the overseer shall this repay.

SATIRE VIII.

HE MOCKS THE ROMAN FEAST.

HOR. How went Nasidien's supper off? I sent
To bid you here, and learnt the day was spent
Dining with him.

FUN. We had a jolly feast.

HOR. Tell me the manner, let me *hear*, at least,
The manner of it: what was the chief dish?

FUN. Lucanian boar, tender as heart could wish,
Caught, said my host, in a soft southern breeze,
Garnished with radish, horseradish, and lees
Of Coan wine, lettuce, anchovy sauce.
With girded loins, a youth removed this course,
And with a purple napkin cleansed the board;
Another followed, sweeping in accord,
The crumbs offensive to fastidious man.
At Ceres, so, the virgin Attican
And swarthy Indian, bear Cæcuban wine,
Alcon bore Chian, free from marine brine.
Our host addressed us: if, Mæcenæ, you
Prefer Albanan or Falernian, do,
I pray you, say so, for we have them both.

HOR. Perplexity of riches! I were loth
Fundanius! not to know what guests were there.

FUN. Well, I was there, at top, and next, or near,
Viscus Thurinus couched; and next to him,
If rightly I remember, Varius prim;
Vibidius and Servilius Balatro
Sat with Mæcenæ as his shades. Below

Was Nomentanus; Portius, the clown,
Sat next to him, gorging the cheesecakes down;
And Nomentanus pointing with his thumb
As covered dishes entered. We sat dumb
Devouring everything, fowl, fish, and flesh,
We knew not what, save all was fair and fresh.
He noted it, and helped me to a dish
Of turbot and fried plaice—superbest fish!
Then told me apples were of choicest hue,
Gathered in waning moons; that it was true
If I would visit him, he'd prove it so.
'Twas here Vibidius whispered Balatro,
Unless we drink this d—d old dotard dry
In larger cups, we unrevenge'd shall die.
“Bring larger cups.” Behold our host turn pale,
He dreaded drinking bouts, which never fail
To breed a riot and to loose the spleen.
And marring judgment, which should sit as queen,
O'er such choice meats: but those two broth of boys
Filled Allifanan cups with toasts and noise,
And we chimed with them, emptying the flasks,
Which ere they reached the host had done their tasks.

Enters a huge muræna in a dish
Afloat with prawns; and, quoth our host, this fish
Was captured big with spawn; 'tis not so good
After it has produced its scaly brood;
'Tis drest in oil, the very best Venafrum,
And Spanish fish-sauce; wine that has seen, say, some
Birth-day quinquennial, boiled in cis-marine,
But Chian wine is added to convene;

With pepper, Methymnæan vinegar,
Green rocket and rough endive mingled are ;
• I first found out that they amalgamate.
Curtillus added, in their native state,
The pickled urchins that had cast the shell.
But—But here down the awning curtain fell—
Both canopy and curtain big with dust.
A cloud enveloped us with fear adust,
E'en such a whirlwind as sweeps round and round,
When Aquilon is raging : but we found
None hurt, save Rufus ; Rufus hung his head
And wept aloud as though his son were dead.
Till Nomentanus spoke to sooth his mood ;
O Fortune, Fortune, ever curst and rude,
Why will you plague a worthy mortal thus ?
Stifling his laughter down sat Varius ;
Lifting his nose aloft, sat Balatro,
And cried, O lot of mortal man below ;
Whilst you, dear host, so nobly entertain
Your noble guests, and find the pleasure, pain ;
O trouble lost, and vain solicitude,
Of good intentions such requital rude.
Baked cates and pungent sauces to prepare,
And dress your slaves in livery rich and rare ;
And then down falls a curtain or a plate,
A slippery foot to spoil such pomp of state.
But 'tis adversity that proves the host,
Like general, who retrieves a battle lost.
Nasidienus answered him, dear friend !
May the great gods and fortune thee attend,

* I suspect the crane was the grey goose. The white goose is separately mentioned, which was a semi-sacred bird in Rome, and in London, too, according to Cæsar. If the grus was not the grey goose, it will puzzle a conjurer to say what bird it was. It is strange the duck is never mentioned.

B O O K I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O, MY Mæcenas, unto whom my first
And my last muse must be by friendship nursed,
Why, when I have the palm, again desire
Me to contend, and lost my youthful fire?
Vejanus has deposed his arms upon
The posts of Hercules, and he is gone
To rustic ease, and ceases to implore
The peoples' grace on the arena's floor;
Whilst prudence whispers in my ear, take heed,
Descend in time from the unwieldy steed,
Lest that he fall in midst of the career,
And rouse the laughter and the idle jeer.
But let me now the song and ode renounce,
And let us search for truth; let us pronounce
What is the good and great; if we succeed,
We will supply a store to serve at need.

Haply, you will inquire unto what school,
What Lar, what leader, I addict my rule.
To none, I answer: borne a passenger,
Unto the winds and currents I defer.
Now actively, and plunge in civic strife,
Now passive, and defend the precepts rife;

To Aristippus and his morals glide,
And strive myself, and not the world, to guide.
As night is long to him who slumbers not,
As days are long to him of wearied lot,
As days of guardianship to minors flag,
So tardily, so wearily, years lag,
Which in my life and projects intervene.
It seems to me, time ne'er will be serene,
When I may merge me in instructive lore,
Useful to age and youth, to rich and poor.

It now remains to follow what I prize;
I am no Lynceus, yet I sain these eyes;
I am no Glycon, and yet I withstand
The raid of knotty gout upon this hand.
We must pursue perfection, though she 'scape:
The lust of lucre makes thy bosom ache;
Well, there are charms and spells to sooth that grief:
And if no cure, we can obtain relief.
Vainglory puffs you, there are remedies,
In verse, three times repeated, magic lies.
Sloth, envy, hatred, malice, love, and wine,
Before the school of reason must decline.
None so inherent are but they must yield
To discipline, and, routed, quit the field.
If virtue is, by vice to be annoyed,
And it is wisdom, folly to avoid.

What are the evils deepest of offence?
Repulse of worthy claims and indigence.
It needs some spirit to contend with these;
These impel man o'er mountains and o'er seas,

Through fire, to furthest Ind ; with deafest ear
To friendly counsel, bidding him beware,
And pointing out the hollowness of greed.
What mountebank would ever win the meed
At country wakes, if he forsooth could gain
Olympic palms without essay or pain ?

As gold to silver virtue is to gold.
Oh, fellow-citizens, need ye be told
With you 'tis money first and virtue next ?
Between the double Januses that text
Is shouted forth, alike by old and young,
With money-bag on arm and tablets hung.
You lack of forty thousand * six or eight ;
And granted you possess some points of weight,
Honour and eloquence and truth—away !
Thou art plebeian. Like the boys at play,
Go shout, “ Whoe’er acts rightly shall be king.” †
“ A brazen wall, has he encompassing,
Who ne’er confessed, nor conscious was of fault.”
Now tell me, does the Roscian law go halt
Beside these schoolboy proverbs ? proverbs sung
To Curii and Camilli—now unstrung.
Or doth he better teach who says—get cash,
No matter how—dishonestly or rash—
Get cash, make money ; then go take your chair
Close to the stage where Puppius wrings the tear.
Or will you rather brave the insolence
Of strumpet Fortune ? shake her off, and hence,

* The sum requisite to the equestrian order. † Roman proverbs.

Assert your freedom in the face of day.
But should the Roman people ask, you'll say,
Why I, who walk their porticoes, refuse
To use their customs, follow what they use,
Hate what they hate, admire what they admire?
I answer with the fox, the lion, "Sire,
Good faith, I view this cave with fear and doubt,
All footsteps pointing in, none pointing out."
Oh, monster many-headed! what or whom
Am I to follow; rather say, what doom.
Some farm the revenues, and others fain
With fruits and cakes some widow to obtain,
Or net or trap old bachelors and mew
Them in vivariums; and some pursue
The secret trade of usury. Ah! why
Pursue the theme that beats philosophy?

It puzzles and perplexes much to choose
What one affects, or, what is won, disuse.
You hear a magnate, rich in dirt, declare
No place like Baiæ; straightway he is there
Puddling in lakes marine; but when his taste
Is nauseated, sick, impetuous haste
Away, unto Teanum, let us go.
Is he a wedded man? then happy, oh!
Happy the bachelor. Has he no wife—
Then triply curs'd is the unmarried life.
How will you bind a Proteus like to him?
The pauper—ah! you smile—has he no whim,
Changing his bath and barber, garret, bed?
The great row in triremes—lo! he is sped

Off in a cock-boat and is sea-sick—Eh?
You smile to see me maundering on my way,
With hair half-trimmed or toga all awry,
Or shirt besoiled, or some such toggery:
But if my wits are troubled, all at strife,
And flow and ebb in the routine of life,
Hoping and spurning, wishing to select,
Nor knowing what to choose nor what reject:
Now building, pulling down, or breaking bound,
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You do not deem me crazed, you do not laugh,
Nor send for doctors, nor on my behalf
Apply unto the Prætor for a guard
To ward me, out of your deep-felt regard
For one so dear, devoted, who would quail
In spirit if you broke your finger-nail.
And to conclude, the wise resemble Jove,
A king midst kings, mortality above—
Honoured and fair and free, and healthsome, too—
Save when the megrims haunt with vapours blue.

EPISTLE II.

WHILST you at Rome, my Lollius, declaim
On Homer and his song, I do the same
Perusing at Præneste. In him I trace
The grand, the beautiful, the vile, the base—
Better than Crantor or Chrysippus teach.
Hear me expound my reason, I beseech:

I will not keep you long. The epic song
Of love and war, and vengeance for the wrong
By Paris done, and Greece on Asia hurled,
The wrath of kings and madness of the world.
Antenor would condone the crime, and yield
The lovely cause; but Paris, spirit-steeled
In selfishness, refused to quit the bride.

Geranian Nestor, on the other side,
Would arbitrate the quarrels of the foe,
Peleides and Atreides; fighting so,
Through love and wrath, which through their bosoms
swept.

The kings went mad, and the Achivi wept.
Sedition, lust, rage, wickedness, destroy
The host besieged and host besieging Troy.

The other poem, on the other page,
Treats of Ulysses, prudent, brave, and sage;
When Troy succumbed, who fain was to behold
Cities, and men, and customs: on he rolled
Over the watery expanse with his men,
Escaping wave and cave and Cyclops' den.
You know the Sirens' song and Circe's bowl—
Had he been renegade or weak of soul
He would have lived in servitude condign,
With dogs unclean and with immundine swine.
We, of the many, born but to consume
Earth's fruits, are like the suitor band, of whom
Alcinöus, we may adduce, who kept
Revels through night, and in the daytime slept.

The ruffian wakes at night to cut a throat—
You will not wake from sleep, on which you dote,
To save yourself; contented with your plight;
But rush when dropsical. Arise and light
Your lamp ere daybreak; study wholesome lore;
Thrust love and envy forth from the heart's core;
For if a straw be in your eye, you haste
To get it out,—but if your soul be waste
You will defer its culture to next year.
Commencement is the half of a career;*
Defer it not. Wisdom is instant, bold:
Of him deferring is a fable told,
Of rustic waiting till the stream flows by,
Which flows and flows on to eternity.
What do we labour for? for wife or child;
For wealth we grub the forest, plant the wild,
And none is satisfied nor has enough.
Say, will the park or mansion with its stuff,
Silver or gold, chase fever or the spleen?
'Tis health that makes body and soul serene.
Who hopes or fears, a house and wealth to him
Are like to cushions to the gouty limb—
Pictures to blear eyes—and the healthy strain
Of harmony to ears with dirt in grain.
The tainted vase admits of no relief:
Flee luxuries, they only lead to grief.
The sordid miser lives in want as mean;
The envious cub at sight of wealth grows lean;

* Principium est dimidium totius. Hesiodi sententia.

Sicilian tyrants had no torture worse,
To curse humanity, than envy's curse.
Oh! moderate your anger, curb your wrath:
Repentance follows vengeance in the path.
Anger is a brief madness: fetter, bind,
Be master of your passion and your mind.
Like the young steed who, broken to the rein,
Obeys the guiding hand; or as we train
Dogs with a hide, then launch them in the wood;
E'en so, dear boy, imbibe all precepts good
In docile youth;—the virgin vase retains
To latest years its earliest scent or stains.
Whether you flag, my boy, or victor be,
I may not stop to know, nor live to see.

NOTE.—Whether these two last lines express the meaning of Horace
I by no means am sure, but they appear to me to do so.

Or,

Whether in your career you check or soar,
I neither lag behind nor press before.

EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

O! JULIUS FLORUS, fain am I to know
In what part of this mortal world below
Claudius, the stepson of Augustus, wars.
In Thrace? where winter icy Hebrus bars,
Or by the castled Hellespont delayed,
Or upon Asian plains in wealth arrayed?

Where doth the learned cohort conquer now?
And who entwines the wreath for Cæsar's brow,
Chanting his victories to posterity?
And Titius, my Titius, where is he?
Our Roman theme of wonder, he who draws
From founts Pindaric subjects for applause.
Is he in health, doth he remember home?
Will he essay to sing in verse of Rome
The Theban melodies, or doth he hope
In tragedy to give his genius scope?
And what does Celsus? let him curb his muse,
Oh! let him not his native vein misuse.
Nor where Apollo Palatinus reigns,
Invade the sacred precincts of the fanes,
Lest that the jackdaw's fate be his, from whom
The birds indignant pluck each borrowed plume.
And you, what have you done? what airy chime
Of yours floats over fields of scented thyme?
Genius is yours, and cultivated wit,
For you have much refined and polished it.
Whether you plead as plaintiff, or refute
By civil law in the defendant's suit;
Or whether you chant songs of dulcet breath,
Alike you bear away the ivy wreath.
Could you renounce frivolities of praise,
And seek of wisdom the celestial ways,
Which we, both great and small, ought all to do
Who would to country and ourselves be true.
Munatius also, let me hear of him:
Are you now reconciled, do megrims grim

Exist between you still? Impetuous blood
Stirring the spirit and the wanton mood,
Unchecked by much experience or age.
Where'er you live, let not fraternal rage
Exist between you: and on your behalf
For your return I'll feed the votive calf.

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

TIBULLUS, candid critic of my song,
What dost thou here? What doth thy stay prolong
On boundaries Pedanan? Dost indite
With Cassius of Parma verses light;
Or dost thou meditate in silent grove,
Inhaling health, high precepts from above?
Favoured thou art in body and in mind:
Ah! truly unto thee the gods were kind,
Who gave with wealth the power it to employ.
What more could doting mother wish her boy?
Wisdom to think, with power to express,
With credit, reputation, health to bless,
A social board, and an abundant purse.
Ah! whether days flow better or flow worse,
In hope and care, in anger and in fear,
Be mindful ever the last day draws near;
That this may be the last, so wilt thou best
Enjoy the passing hour and hold it blest.

Whene'er the inclination may be thine,
To banter with the Epicurean swine,
Oh! come to me, and find a pig serene,
Robust, and trimmed, and sedulously clean.

EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS.

IF thou canst couch on an old-fashioned bed,
And dine off plates of herbs, as Sabines fed,
I would expect thee with the setting sun,
O, my Torquatus! But my wine is none
Of vintage famed; the vineyard hardly known,
On hills Petrinan-Sinuessan grown
Above Minturnan marshes: if you have
Better to give, bring it; or crotchets wave.
My hearth is bright, my furniture is clean.
Do you resign ambition and the spleen
And Moschus and his suit. To-morrow night,
Romans, Augustus, on his birthday, plight.
The day to rest, the festal night assigned
To luxuries of body and of mind.
What avails fortune if we use it not?
Strive for an unknown heir?—not if I wot,
I am not mad as that. Strew flowers and drink;
That will I do, let folk think what they think.
For what doth wine? Eh, it reveals the heart,
Hope it establishes, bids fear depart,

It takes its burden from the wearied soul,
It teaches sciences; the abundant bowl
Makes the tongue eloquent, and he who fills
The festive cup is freed from mortal ills.
Have you no care, for all shall be as spruce
As rubbing and as scrubbing can produce,
Couches, and cups, and plates; and for the rest,
Avaunt all blockheads, choice be every guest.
Butra, Septimius, and Sabinus come—
Unless, indeed, they entertain at home.
Bring whom you will—for place and shade allowed.
Remember but the proverb: do not crowd
The goats, you know. Whatever you desire
Just let me know it; set your house on fire,
And whilst your clients stand in fear and doubt,
By the back door escape and scuttle out.

EPISTLE VI.

NIL ADMIRARI.

ADMIRE nothing! the sole way or best,
O, my Numicius, to preserve thee blest.
For though there are, who stolidly can view
The sun, the stars, the seasons four renew,
And feel no fear: yet how do you, I pray,
Regard the wonders cast into your way?
How do you hold the riches of the mine,
The treasures of the deep, the gifts divine

Of Araby and Ind? How does the praise
Of fellow-citizens your spirit raise?

How ought we to regard and hold such things?
From wealth's possession, fear to lose it springs.
Wealth, and the lack of wealth, are irksome both,
To want it, or to lose it, we are loth.

We joy and grieve, or we desire and fear,
Whether we hold it cheap or hold it dear:
The sage becomes insane, the just unjust,
Who on such objects casts an eye of lust.

Go, then, Numicius mine, admire the state
Of antique marble, and of gilded plate
And breathing bronzes; joy in Tyrian dyes,
Or let bright gems and vestments please your eyes;
Or go and plead with eloquence and art,
First at the Forum, latest to depart.
And why and wherefore? Lest that Mucius win
The prize—the heiress and her fields! What sin
That were unworthy—you, of better birth
And better parts than his, more wit, more worth.

The great and honoured fall, and from the scene
May disappear to-morrow; and the mean
Rise from the very dregs and blaze in turn;
And when they have gained all for which they yearn,
Saluted on Agrippa's portico
And Appian way, then they in turn must go,
Where Numa and where Ancus rest below.

Now if your loins or reins be ill at ease,
You fly to physic. If mental the disease,

Would you do less? And if the only road
Be Virtue's path, then courage, cast the load
Of pleasures off. Is virtue but a name,
Like groves of sacred trees? Away, for shame!
Lest others be before you at the fair
Cibyrian or Bithynian: and, when there,
Negotiate and win a thousand pounds;
Double or triple that, or quadrate. Zounds!
That mass of gold will buy a wife with more,
And add worth, friends, and beauty, to your store.
Venus and wise Suadela bow to cash.

The Cappadocian monarch owns a hash
Of sturdy slaves, but fails in bags of brass.
Be not thou like to him. It came to pass
One time, comedians sought Lucullus out,
And asked a hundred mantles for their bout
Upon the stage. "That's a great lot," quoth he,
"I don't know if I have them, but will see."
Then writes a moment after—he has found
Five thousand in his stores; and, I'll be bound,
He bids them come and take them, one or all.
Such things don't happen in a dwelling small,
But in huge mansions, their o'erflowing wealth
Perplexes ownership and fosters stealth.
So, if you think by riches to be blest,
Then rise up early, and then late to rest.

But if in name and fame you take delight,
Purchase a slave, who knows the great by sight,
Who'll take you by the arm, and thrust you through
Impediments, and tell you who is who.

He whispers and he points,—“A magnate, see,
Of Fabian tribe—of the Velinan, he.
And lo! another—mighty potentate!
Who gives the fasces and the chair of state.
Address each by some title, as you greet
Father or brother, as their age makes meet.”

But if you love good cheer, to dine and sup,
Away then, 'tis the morning, get you up,
And fish or hunt, as once Gargilius did
In sight of all the Forum—hounds amid
And nets and servants; then with purchased boar,
Strapped on a mule, return at evening hoar,
And eat and drink, and then off—to the bath,
What's decent or what's not—pursue the path
Worthy of record in Cæritan wax.
Follow the course luxurious and lax,
Which lured of old the Ithacensian crew
From honour's path to the Circæan stew.

But if with Mimnermus you hold, in fine,
That nought but love and revelry's divine,
Then live in revelry and love. Good-bye!
If it should chance, you better know than I,
How to live rightly, tell me; but, if not,
Follow the only plan of which I wot.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MÆCENAS.

I HAVE not kept my word; I thought to greet
You on the fifth, Mæcenas, at your seat;

And August, lo! is gone—'tis wrong I own.
Now if I were but sick, that would atone
For this and more; I prithee think me ill,
Which sooth to say I fear, while dog-days fill
With ripening figs, the streets with funeral rites.
Mothers and fathers weeping infant plights,
And business forensic seems the vent,
Suggesting fever and one's testament.

When the deep snow makes Mount Albano hoar,
I flee to the sea-side and sunny shore;
And when the swallow reappears with spring,
I will return wafted on Zephyr's wing.

For Oh Mæcenas! you distribute wealth
Not like the rich Calabrian does his pelf,
"Eat, eat, my friend."—"Thank you, I've had enough."
"Then pocket up the rest."—"I thank you." "Stuff,
Your boys will like them, I will warrant you."
"I thank you much, but that I cannot do."
"Well, as you choose; you leave them to the pigs."
The fool and upstart play such senseless rigs,
Giving things valueless, and thence arise
Of men, the crop, who benefits despise.
A good and worthy man bestows his gifts
With due discrimination, whilst he sifts
The difference 'twixt counterfeit and true.
Ah, my Mæcenas! what I strive to do
Is to be worthy—worthy as thou art.
But if thou willest I should ne'er depart;
Restore me youth, and health, and sable hair
On brow unwrinkled; heart without a care,

The tongue of merry glee, and spirit prone
To boast of conquests Cupid calls his own.

A field-mouse once as thin as you can think,
Crept in a meal-tub, through a narrow chink;
And stuffed his fill, till he could not get out.
A weasel spied him: "What are you about?
You must disgorge, my friend, until as thin
And supple as the day you entered in."

I will disgorge, if I am such a one.
The quiet slumbers, liberty alone
Is better than rich feasts or wealth of Ind;
Oft have you praised my humbleness of mind,
My father, king—present or absent—aye;
Let me lay down with gratitude, I say,
Your gifts bestowed on me. Telemachus,
Ulysses' son, answered Atrides thus:
"Our Ithaca is not a land for steeds,
We have no plains of turf, nor beds of reeds;
Your gift, as unappropriate, I decline;
More fitted for your land, my friend, than mine."
'Tis even so with me. Imperial Rome
Pleases me not at present; but a home
At Tiber or Tarentum.

It chanced one day
Philippus from the Forum took his way,
'Twas the eighth hour, he, wearied with his pleas,
Sought his own home Carinae, for his ease.
He was not young, nor the Carinae near.
Forth from a barber's shop he saw appear

One newly shorn, who calmly trimmed his nails ;
He bade Demetrius (gatherer of his vails)
To run and ask and learn his rank and name,
His home, his fortune, patron, and his fame.
Demetrius goes, returns, and now declares
Vultei^{us} Mena; hawker of old wares ;
A poor and honest man, who scuds about
And then reposes, seeks and pries things out,
With few acquaintances nor settled home,
A haunter of the Campus.

Bid him come

And sup with me ; I must talk with that man.
But Mena is incredulous, nor can
Believe his ears. "Your answer?"—"Many thanks."
"What! he refused?"—"He did, sir ; but such pranks
Men play from mere timidity or fear."

Next day Philippus meets our friend, in sear
And sordid garb, who hawked some horrid trash.
He stops and he salutes him. In a hash
Mena responded, asking pardon for
His morning's occupation's hindrance—or
He had been there at supper ; also blamed
Himself for not saluting first, ashamed.
"So be it, I forgive you ; so you come
To sup with me to-day—at nine—at home."
"Sir, as it pleases you." "'Tis good, now go
And vend your wares."

At supper-time and lo !

He ate and drank, and chattered right and left,
Until 'twas time to couch, turned out, he slept.

But like a fish to bait, at morning's light.
See him a client, and a friend at night,
Until he bidden was to Latin feast
Held in the suburbs ; and from care released
And mounted on a nag, his spirits rise
Enchanted with the Sabine fields and skies.
Philippus looks and laughs. Proposing then
To buy a Sabine farm, sestertia ten
He offers as a gift, and more to lend ;
The farm is purchased, and to make an end,
Our hawker becomes farmer with the itch
From furrows and from vineyards to grow rich.
But when his sheep were stolen, goats diseased ;
When his crops failed, and team of bullocks wheezed ;
Confounded at his losses, see him rise
At midnight—saddle horse—away he hies
Straight to Philippus : him at early dawn
Philippus sees unshaven and unshorn,
And answers him, “ You are too anxious, friend ! ”
“ Anxious, by Pol ! anxieties no end ;
I'm miserable !

Oh by your gods, right hand,
Your local genius, take again the land,
I pray and I beseech you take it back.
Let me resume before I run to rack
My old vocation ; let me at no more cost
And no more charge resume what I have lost.
True is the saying that was said of old,
Wear coat and slipper, suited to thy mould.”

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS.

HENCE Muse, to Celsus, to the friend and scribe
Of Nero, and bear blessings, the whole tribe.
And if perchance he ask you what I do,
Tell him, I ruminate things good and true,
Which neither make me good nor happier.
Hail has not hurt my vines; suns did not sear
My olive-trees; nor has the cattle-pest
Fallen upon my flocks. I am oppressed
In mind more than in body: I am ill.
I neither have the spirit nor the will
To bear or care for cure; me all offends,
The doctor, drugs, and the advice of friends.
Nay, more, I love the ill and spurn the good;
Nothing brings comfort to the wayward mood.
At Rome love Tibur, and at Tibur, Rome.
Then ask him how he fares; if burthensome
His duties to the prince or to his court:
If he reply, "All well," give greetings short,
And whisper in his ear: "As you shall do
In office unto others, they to you."

EPISTLE IX.

HE RECOMMENDS SEPTIMIUS TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

SEPTIMIUS, O Claudius, knows, good sooth,
The place I hold with you. He, clever youth,

Prays and beseeches me to write and tell
All that I can, of all that's good and well.
How fit, how proper he, to fill a part,
In Nero's domicile and Nero's heart.
He deems I am omnipotent with you ;
He knows what I can say, what I can do.

Excuses by the thousand I have made ;
And put him off until I was afraid,
That he would think dissimulation strove
Him to retain, whom I sincerely love.
Thus, in escaping Scylla, lo ! I run
Upon Charybdis, and one fault to shun
Rush on a greater : pardon it, I pray.

If you will read what I have got to say
For my young friend, it is, he is a youth
With soul ingenuous in faith and truth.

EPISTLE X.

TO FUSCUS.

HEALTH unto Fuscus, haunter of the town,
Sent by Horatius, haunter of the down ;
That the sole point on which we disagree,
And save in that twin brethren were we ;
Fraternal spirits, nodding, shaking heads,
Like the old doves in fable : but one reads
His daily lore in men ; one finds his books
In rocks and forests and in running brooks.
I live and breathe soon as I have resigned
All that you find concordant to the mind.

I, the slave runaway from priests and cakes,
Desire plain bread, and hate the honey-cakes.
I am full fain to live in Nature's laws.
When we desire to build we seek her shaws,
And we commence by choosing a fit spot.
Now does a civic beat a rustic plot ?
Where winter moderates, where zephyrs' bland,
Temper the dog-star's and the lion's brand,
When they rage both in the solstitial heat.
Are slumbers broken in the green retreat,
Are lawns less soft and bright than Libyan stone,
Do waters flow, purer, in softer tone,
From leaden pipes than in their native bed ?
Do you not sigh for trees, are ye not led
To plant them by your porticoes, and choose
Your sites for building for their distant views ?
Go pitchfork Nature out, she will come back
Reclaim her rights ; and thrust Art from the track.
Who knows not Aquinine from Tyrian dye
Must needs be cheated through his faulty eye.
'Tis just the same with him who cannot view
The moral difference 'twixt false and true.
Who dotes upon prosperity, will fear
Its opposite ; and what we hold too dear
We dread to lose ; and, therefore, flee the great.
There is more gladness in the humble state
Than in the domes of kings and favourites.
The victor stag chased from its forest-sites
The feebler steed, who, combating in vain,
Implored the aid of man, and bore his rein.

But after he had triumphed o'er his foe,
Rider and rein he had to undergo.
So he who, dreading indigence, has sold
His priceless liberty for worthless gold,
Will ever thenceforth carry in his breast
A despot master, enemy to rest.
'Tis with one's substance as one's shoes—they gall
Whether they be too large or be too small.
O, my Aristius, let us wisely live
Contented with our lot; and if I give
You cause to think me covetous of greed
Rebuke me roundly. Money is indeed
Ever the slave or tyrant of its lord,
He must bind it or be bound by its cord.
These have I written from * Vacuna's fane,
Happy, in hope to see you soon again.

EPISTLE XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

Now, my Bullatius, what do you declare
Of Chios, Lesbos, Samos, rich and rare?
Of Sardis and King Croesus, Colophon,
And Smyrna—what? Is their fame truly won,
Must Campus and the Tiber hide their heads?
Do you prefer Attalican homesteads,
Say Lebedus, despite of seas and roads?
BULL. Dost thou know Lebedus? why its abodes

* The goddess of rest and ease, whose feast was at harvest-home.

Deserted are and ruined. . Worse than Gabii,
Worse than Fidenæ, they deserted lie:
And yet I would pass willingly my life,
Forgetting and forgotten there, where strife
Of winds and waves I might afar behold.

HOR. Take care, Bullatius, be not too bold;
Who enters Rome from Capua, distressed
By dirt or storm, will at an inn seek rest;
Or, nipped by frost, the bath's restorative;
And yet they yield not all, by which we live.
Nor do you sell your craft, escaped the sea
Ægean, where rough Auster made too free.
Ah! Rhodes or Mitylene have no charm
More than a great coat when the night is warm;
Or athlete's garb to fence the cold away,
Tiber in frost, or hearths on summer day.
Come, now, in Rome, whilst Fortune is benign,
Vaunt Rhodes, and Chios, Samos, the divine.
Take what Fate gives, enjoy thy present cheer,
Nor put off happiness until next year.
It is not in the spot, but in the mind,
In reason, wisdom, happiness to bind.
It is the sky, and not the soul, we change,
Who over ocean flee. In vain we range,
Hoist sail, and yoke the coursers to the car
In search of happiness. We flee afar,
And she dwells here, here on this very spot,
Ulubra, if in spleen we miss her not.

EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

CEASE to lament, my Iccius; the gains
You will derive from the Sicilian plains
Farmed for Agrippa, will be wealth as great
As Jupiter accords to man; whose state
Is not a poor one, if it fill his wants.
With good digestion, lungs, and feet, Fate grants
Riches, which, if imperial, were no more.
If now perchance amidst thy greater store
You live on herbs and shell-fish, though the gold
Of famed Pactolus through your meadows rolled
You would live just the same. Man does not change
His nature with his house; nor can he range
If stoic virtue rule within his breast.
Then marvel not Democritus distrest
Resigns his fields to goats, and his freed soul
Sublimely ranges to the sphere and pole.
The murrain or bad markets trouble you:
Yet thoughts sublime and noble to your view,
The cause of tides, the seasons of the year;
Whether the stars which rise and disappear
Are swayed by random or by Nature's laws;
Why the moon daily changes, and the cause
That discord proves concordant in the spheres.
Whether, in fine, Empedocles appears
Sounder in judgment than Stertinius steads.
Now whether fish, herbs, or decapitated heads

Of onions be your meal, I pray admit
Pompeius Grosphus to partake of it.
He is a man whom you may safely trust
To ask for nought but what is right and just.
Good men are scarce, bad always plentiful.
And now for news from Rome of Roman rule:
We hear that the Cantabrian bands are quelled
By our Agrippa; and Armenians held
Subject by Claudius Nero; Phraates bends
The suppliant knee and the right hand extends
To Cæsar and to law; and Copia's hon
Sheds upon Italy its golden corn.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINNIUS ASELLAS.

REMEMBER, Vinnius, counsels ofttime told
To you departing. Present these parchments rolled
Unto Augustus when he in the vein
Of health and spirits asks for them. Again,
Beware to press them on him. If you hate
This present duty, say so ere too late.
Let not my writings, like a fardel borne,
Be cast as from an ass's back in scorn,
Lest your paternal name be brought to mind,
And amidst jeers be to you re-assigned.
Press through the obstacles of seas and land,
And when you in the presence chamber stand,
Bear not my book trussed up beneath your arm,
As shepherd bears a lamb; or Pyrrhia warm

Her stolen pack of wool ; or artisan
With cap and sandals carried in the van.
Neither go boasting how with sweat and care,
You bore my verses unto Cæsar's ear.
Now strive to do this well—nor cold nor hot.
Be off, farewell ; beware you stumble not
And break my last injunctions, like a sot.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS STEWARD.

STEWARD of woods and fields I call mine own,
You deem so lightly of, then be it shown
They had five hearths of old, and also sent
Five heads of houses, all of good descent,
To councils called at Baria. Say canst thou
Eradicate the briars with the plough
As I, Horatius, tear them from my breast?
Is my heart weeded or my farm the best?

I was delayed at Rome, poor Lamia's grief,
His brother's death, my all in vain relief,
He inconsolable : I burst from thence,
And, soul and spirit freed, I hurried hence.
I love the country as you love the town :
What pleases one dashes the other down.
We both, in fact, are wrong ; 'tis not the spot,
The fault is in the soul, contented not.
Why thou, the lowest slave, poured out a prayer,
When in the antechamber, to come here :

And here you pine for town and baths and bears.
I detest Rome and her abhorred affairs.
It is with our judgments, as with our tastes,
You hold these fields and solitudes as wastes ;
I love them over well, me they enchant,
As you the tavern and the cookshops haunt.
These fields would incense and would pepper rear
As soon as vines ; no tavern haunt is here—
No harlotry with double flutes to play,
And pipe that you may dance with feet asplay.
Next you complain of toil, of grain to sow,
Of bullocks to be tended, lands to hoe ;
And in a storm, hoping a brief repose,
The torrent bursts the banks and overflows,
And meadows must be saved. Come, let us now
Discuss in what we differ, I and thou.
Thin garments, scented hair, Falernian wine,
My lady's praises, and at noon to dine,
Pleased me of yore ; but now tranquillity,
Now a brief supper, by the brook to lie
And slumber there. I do not blush to own
I have been young, and I am sober grown.
No evil eye encroaches on my grounds,
No tongue reviles me, and no malice wounds ;
My neighbours smile at busy idleness.
You would be back and munch the daily mess
Doled out at home ; yet half-a-dozen there
Envy the house and gardens you have here.
E'en so the sluggard ox would choose the rein,
And steed the plough. Back to your crafts again :
To your vocations and fond vows restrain.

EPISTLE XV.

TO NUMONIUS VALA.

TELL me, my Vala, how the winter flies
At Velia; or how frown Salernum's skies,
What of their habitants, what of the roads?
For Musa now objects to the abodes
Of Baiæ and its baths. Whilst Baians say,—
What! take cold baths, cold, on a winter day?
What! leave our myrtle groves and sulphur springs,
Good for the nerves and all such sort of things?
For you must know they take a process out
'Gainst one who, head or stomach, like a lout,
Exposes them to springs of Clusium,
Or springs Sabinan in the winter glum.
Yes, 'tis decided that we change our route,
I and my nag—be still you silly brute—
And hostelries he knows—be still, I say;—
'Tis not to Cumæ nor to Baiæ's bay,
I tell him by the left rein, for the ears
Lie in a horse's mouth, by which he hears.
Tell me, besides, which is the fruitfulest,
Which springs or wells of waters are the best,
For village vintages I must eschew.
At home I drink the common wine, 'tis true,
But at a sea-port I require it good;
One which will chase the spleen and cheer the mood,
In body and in mind, and give my tongue
The vogue it had, ah me! when it was young.

If hares, and boars, and fishes, and all that,
Oysters and shrimps, for it behoves, grow fat,
As round and sleek as a Phæacian man;
So tell me all of everything you can.

When Mænius had consumed a good estate,
Paternal and maternal, he lay wait,
A sort of strolling parasite, to find
Some host who would endure him when he dined;
But if *undined*, he railed at all the world;
He at both friends and foes invectives hurled—
A plague, a pestilence, a pit were they,
Pit bottomless, who ate their lives away.
Some bore with him from fear and shared their meat;
If otherwise, he sought some base retreat,
And gormandized on tripe and chitterlings
Enough to gorge three bears; then tropes he flings
Against those who fared delicately—they
Should branded be on belly, he would say.
But when on better cheer he'd stuffed himself,
I marvel not, he said, that men of pelf
Should dine so well—there is no better prog
Than a fat fieldfare and a paunch of hog.

'Tis just the same with me; contented I
Praise my repose and mediocrity:
But bidden to a feast and dinner drest
For some rich magnate where I sit a guest,
I peg away at all the rich and rare,
And thank my stars for such immortal fare.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINTIUS.

To stop more questions on my ways and means,
My olives, fruits, and vineyards, peas, and beans,
Dear Quintius, listen, as I paint the site
Of my retreat: a range of mountain height,
Divided by a dell of wooded pride,
The morning sun falls on the western side,
The evening on the eastern, climate sweet;
Cornels and wild plums hold the calm retreat,
And oaks and ilex at one time afford,
Food for the herd, and shelter for their lord.
Tarentum has no grove of greater claim;
A fountain bursts with an appropriate name—
Hebrus is not more frigid nor more pure
To soothe the head, or indigestion cure.
Here will you find me in my pleasant den
When comes September: I expect you then.
Would you be happy, dare then to be wise—
You long have been so in the Roman eyes.
Yet do not trust to others for their praise:
Trust to yourself, and thread the human maze,
For none are happy save the wise and good.
People will praise you as you sit at food,
Until the palsy paralyse the hand.
Fools hide the ulcer they cannot withstand.

If any praise your feats by land and seas,
And dare assail your ears with tropes like these:—
“ May Jupiter, who tends on Rome and thee,
Leave it a point ambiguous whether we

Can cherish thee as thou hast cherished us."

"That sentiment we owe Octavius,"

You may reply. And when they call you wise,
Prudent and perfect, then lift up your eyes,
And ask, Do you mean me? To tell you true,
I know not who they are, sir; pray do you?
Who praised me yesterday may blame to-day;
They who bestow the fasces, take away:
They shout indignantly to me, they chose—
"Depose them, they are mine," and I depose.

Now, if he called me thief or parricide,
Shall I turn pale because the fellow lied?
False praises and false blame will only touch
The lewd and vicious, liars, and all such.
Who are the good? They who observe the laws:
He, to whose judgment men submit a cause,
Respect his sentence, and take his award;
And yet that man at home meets no regard
For worth or probity; his heart is base.
A slave will beard you to your very face.
"I am no thief nor fugitive." "Then you
Will not be flogged," say I. "I never slew——"
"Then on the cross you will not feed the crow."
"I am good man and true. I answer, "No.
Sabellus yields not that." The hawk the snare,
The kite the hook, the wolf the pit, beware.
You flee from crime in dread of punishment;
And we love virtue for its heart's content.
You would, if safely, sacrilege commit.
Out of a thousand measures in my pit,

You steal but one, 'twas all you dared steal then ;
Truly your honest man, in sight of men,
When bull or boar he offers, in tone clear,
Says, " Father Janus and Apollo hear :"
But when in earnest, lips that hardly beat,
" Lovely Laverna, grant me power to cheat ;
Let cloud and darkness all my dealings hide ;
Expose me not : let me seem sanctified."

Behold the miser tugging in the street
To raise a penny nailed down him to cheat,
Say, is he freer than the veriest slave ?
Who fears to lose, or whose desires yet crave,
Can ne'er be free : he casts his shield away,
He quits his post to load himself with prey.
A slave whom you can sell is freer far :
You can employ him, captured in the war,
As shepherd, ploughman, sailor, the rough main
To navigate, and market for your grain.
A good man will, with Bacchus, dare to say—
" O Pentheus, king of Thebes, declare the way
In which you now intend to do me spite."
" I'll seize your goods." " It doth not need your might :
Goods, chattels, gold, I freely give them all."
" Thy feet and hands the manacles shall gall."
" A god will set me free of mine own will."
I think he means—to die ; in death be still—
Death, end of all, the bourn of good and ill.

NOTE.—This scene is from the *Bacchæ* of Euripides. Neither is this opinion in accordance with the interpretation of Ovid. The chains fell from the hands of the Mæonian captives, as they did from the apostle's hands.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO SCÆVA.

SCÆVA, although full well you know the state
Due to the pomp of courts and to the great,
Yet deign to hear some counsels from a friend,
Although as from one blind you condescend
To learn the way and causeways you must keep.

If you love quietude and morning sleep,
If taverns, dust, and waggoners annoy,
Off, off to Ferentinum : this world's joy
Is not reaped by the rich and great alone ;
One may be blest, yet live and die unknown.
But if you ask for greater means to live,
Then haunt the great, who have those means to give.

The Cynic says, were Aristippus wise
He would eat herbs, and regal feasts despise.
And Aristippus answers, could you curb
Your arrogance, you would not dine off herb.
Which of the two, which doctrine reads the best?
Let me reply to you, my junior guest.
Prest by the Cynic, he returns the tone,
I am my own buffoon, enjoy mine own ;
You are the people's zany ; whilst I ride
In regal pomp and dine in regal pride,
You crouch to mobs, ask little and get less,
And then go boasting of your dirty mess.

Thus Aristippus walked in colours blent,
Evermore rising, always well content.

But when the Cynic dons the double serge,
His chosen lot, can he from it emerge?
I doubt it much. The courtier ever prest,
Whether in purple or in toga drest,
Walks at his ease along the public ways,
Seeking and asking not the people's praise.
Offer the Cynic rich Milesian dyes,
He, as a snake or dog, the garment eyes,
And dies with cold, unless he find his serge:
Resign it him; his pride it will not purge.

To conquer and lead home a captive train,
Will mount one unto Jove's celestial reign.
To pleasure princes also hath its charms;
But not to all doth Corinth open arms.
Who fears a wreck, will pause and not embark:
He who succeeds, has sailed and hit the mark.
He is our hero. One has cast the load
Off from his back too feeble for the road.
The other dons and bears it—he may claim

- Reward and honours: Virtue is no name.

Plead not, before the king, your poverty,
Silence than outcry is a stronger plea:
And there is also difference between
A bold assurance and a modest mien.
These are the heads and springs of men's success.
If any cry—my sister's portionless,
My mother's poor and old, my means are tied
And over small: he might as well have cried
Give me a dole of bread. Another hears
And cries, divide the dole, let me go shares.

Now had the crow in silence ate her meat
She had had more, free from the envious cheat.

One, to Brundisium or Surrentum led
To be a boon companion, frets instead
Of roads, and winds, and rain, and baggage lost,
Plaining the inconvenience and the cost,
Acts as the courtesan—her little chain,
Perhaps her garter gone—she weeps again,
So well she feigns, that when the wolf appears
We give no credence to a harlot's tears.

So on the highway where all scoundrels beg
We meet a charlatan with broken leg;
We take no note, we hear the caitiff cry,
By great * Osiris, sir, I do not lie;
Help me, my leg is broken. With a scoff
The rustic answers him, Now you be off.

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.

LOLLIUS, if well I read your soul sincere
There is no fiction in the front you bear;
You are no flatterer, with truth and fame
Bright and unsullied, as the wedded dame.

Adverse to insincerity, there is
The fault to be too blunt. You will meet this
Accompanied by manners just as rude,
Rough beard, black teeth, and an unflinching mood.

* A name not invoked by his votaries.

It boasts itself as virtue stern and wise,
But virtue dwells between extremities.
The first obsequious in tone and mien,
Derider of the lower couch, is seen
Watching the great, the richest of the guests,
And with a voice subdued repeats their jests.
So schoolboys at the repetition troll,
Or the poor actor an inferior rôle.
The other quarrels on the least pretence,
The goat's-wool or goat's-hair gives him offence—
“Is my word disbelieved or doubted, sir?”
Now what on earth is cause of such a stir?
If Castor or Docilis be best man,
Or if Numicia's way or Appian,
Be the best road unto Brundisium.

Some men are ruined by debauch, and some
By throw of dice; some by pure vanity;
Some hunger after money; others fly
From poverty, as dreadful: these afford
Food of complaint unto the patron lord,
Who deprecates their zeal, and like the dame
Who educates her daughters in fair fame
She lacked herself, e'en so doth he protest
Against the folly to indulge in zest
Unsuited to one's means: now cease to ape
And copy me, and wear a decent cape.

Whome'er he wished to hurt, Eutrapelus
Gave gorgeous apparel, arguing thus—
This fellow, when he sees himself so fine,
Will live in ease, adopt a vicious line,

Will, sleep by day, will borrow where he can,
And end a Thracian or a huckster's man.
Seek not to probe the secrets of a breast,
And if entrusted, let no anger wrest,
Nor wine, the secret from you.

Where'er you stay

Strive to adapt yourself in work and play.
If hunt he will, then lay the poem by ;
Amphion laid aside his minstrelsy
To soothe his brother Zethus ; he the lyre
Renounced because it roused fraternal ire.
Do you the like—accede unto the whim
Of your good host—accompany with him,
Let dogs and nets and burthened beasts amuse,
Renounce the peevish and inhuman Muse,
Remembering also you will sup off game.

The Romans followed, as allied to fame,
The silvan war, bracing to limb and life,
Vieing with dogs in speed and boars in strife.
Unto the art of war it is akin—
Who wins the silvan wreath may civic win.

You who have fought in Spain while you are young
Beneath the chief who from the Parthians wrung
The Roman standards, and who, labouring still,
Subjects the world unto the Roman will,
Do not withdraw from Rome and deeds of fame,
Although thy life domestic, free from blame,
Be passed in rustic sport. I see the fleet
And the divided band of servants meet.

The fight at Actium ; you command one host,
Your brother holds the adversary's post,
The lake is Adria. Victory descends
And crowns the conqueror. Augustus lends
An eye approving them who him approve,
And holds up either thumb at sports we love.

These lessons, which you need not, I resume.
Take heed of what you say, and unto whom ;
Avoid the garrulous and questioning tongues
With open ears and unretentive lungs :
A word escaped flies off as free as air.
Before you recommend a man, beware
That you may recommend a man unfit,
And blush for follies that he may commit.
Abandon such of whom you are the dupe :
Not so, if calumny should soar and stoop
Upon his head, defend him main and might
Against the tooth of Theon doing spite.
For you have linked your lots, and what defames
Him, defames you ; as when a house in flames
Next door to mine, I quit what I'm about,
And rush, before it spread, to put it out.
The inexperienced think the great are wise,
But the experienced oft fear otherwise.
You, when your bark is launched upon the deep,
Beware of changing winds of backward sweep.
A moody magnate does not love the light,
Nor do the gay the moody ; tempers bright
Annoy the man of phlegm ; and he of phlegm
Detests vivacity : steer well 'twixt them.

Here day and night they quaff Falernian wine,
And hate the shirkers of the cup, who whine
Of headaches and of qualms; so clear the brow,
Nor bashfulness nor silence they allow,
But deem them moody and rebuking looks.
Chief above all, consult the page in books,
How gently down the vale of life to glide,
Not ever struggling, battling, 'gainst the tide
Of greed and fear and hope's frivolities.
If nature or if doctrine bind the ties
Of virtue best, and how to calm the breast
And chase the baseless cares that chase our rest.
If wealth or honour or some odd by-way,
Lead to tranquillity of purest ray.
For when to the cold Digence I retreat,
Supplying rough Mandela, frigid seat,
For what, dear friend, think you I wish and pray?
That what I have may not be ta'en away;
That life prolonged, if deities so will,
May be as well employed; to grant me still
A wealth of books sufficient for the year,
Nor view the day with dubious hope or fear.
To Jupiter, who gives and takes away,
Riches and life, for them to him I pray.
My mind, mine own, myself must rule and sway.

EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

LEARNED Mæcenas, if you credence give
To old Cratinus, verse will hardly live
Spun by a water-drinker. Liber pressed
Fauns, satyrs, poets, and the early zest
Of the Camœnæ has the smack of vine.
Homer has vaunted wine, in vinous line :
Old father Ennius, ere he sounded note
Of warlike arms, quaffed from the skin of goat.
Avaunt, undrenched, ye interdicted are—
To Forum hence, to Libo's Puteal bar.
Since Ennius uttered that decree, the bard
Hiccups by day and through the night drinks hard.

Say, will the frowning brow, and naked feet,
And toga scant, with Cato to compete,
Give us the inward virtues of his soul?
Hark to Hyarbitas; his accents roll
Mating Timagenes; who, fain to be
Witty and terse in argument as he,
Reaches the mark of his exemplar's faults.
If I am pale, they drug with common salts.
O mimics, servile crew, how oft my bile
Rises perforce at imitations vile.
I first placed footstep on an unknown shore,
On virgin soil, where none had ploughed before.
Leader successful, followed by the swarm.
Parian iambics I first taught to warm

The Roman verse. Archilochus' fire
But not his subjects. I have no desire
To hang Lycambes. It is his verse I breathe,
And shall I therefore lose the laurel wreath?
He tempered with his verse the Sapphic stride,
Tempered Alcæus—but we travel wide
Of his tremendous subjects, we nor seek
A cruel sire-in-law, nor damsel weak
To die by fatal noose in fervid song.
Thus have I tuned my lyre these banks along
In novel strains, and gratefully I learn
Fair hands and kindly eyes, their worth discern.
But if you ask, why I cannot command
The public suffrage of the critic band,
I do not purchase suffrages, nor give
Them suppers, cast off garments, and I live
Apart from noble authors, or sit dumb
Nor to the great grammarians succumb.
And hence these tears. I blush to hear my song
Read in grand conclave, trifles which belong
To social boards. They smile, and, answering, say,
You for the ears of Jove reserve your lay,
You think that you alone can strike the lyre
Of dulcet verse, you only soothe desire.

To this I fear to toss the nose, I fear
Lest they should tear my eyes and rend my hair;
I cry—I love not this, ask leave to go,
For raillery will soon to anger grow,
When we get hot—a word it is and blow.

EPISTLE XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

Do you from Janus and Vertumnus turn,
O book of mine! do you impatient burn
To be rubbed up with pumice to be sold
By Sosii brothers? dost hate, book over bold,
The chest and key, and pine to be more read
And win more praises? My book, thou wast not bred
In such presumptuous sentiments. Well then flee;
But understand you come not back to me.
You will lament and ask what have I done,
When cut up and abused, some learned one
Will roll you up in small and go to sleep.
If I mistake not, flurried by your leap,
You will be dear in Rome while you are young,
But when well-thumbed and greasy, will be flung
A prey to the book-moth and gnawed around;
Or sent to Utica, or captive bound,
Consigned to Spain. Who then will jest and jeer,
O book of mine, at him who would not hear;
Like to the owner of the ass, irate
Who cast him o'er the cliff. Against such fate
There is no fighting. One sole lot remains
In frowsy suburbs and to infant brains,
To play the pedagogue and teach to read.
Now when this heat has gone and man can heed,
Then tell him this: say that a freedman's son,
And poor withal, has soared aloft and won

A height above his nest; to give to worth
Praise for success it did not owe to birth.
Say that he lived in friendship with the great,
Of stature small, grey-headed, loving heat;
Sharp in resentments; quickly hot and cold;
And if they ask his age, then be they told,
Four times eleven Decembers marked his years,
When Lepidus and Lollius filled the chairs.*

* From U.C. 688-732; 44 years old. .

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILST you, O Cæsar ! bear alone the weight
Of wars imperial, of imperial state,
Of manners, laws ; it were a public crime
Were I to trespass long upon your time.

Romulus, Father Liber, Castor, and
Pollux, for noble deeds and merits stand
Amongst our gods ; for whilst their lives endured
They worked for man ; peace was by them assured
And properties assigned and cities built.

Yet wept they man's ingratitude and guilt ;
Ah, he who tamed the hydra lived to see
That death alone could vanquish calumny.
For he who, risen high, shines in pure light
Provokes the opposing principle of spite.

In death we honour them, yet thee in life,
O Cæsar, do we honour ; altars rife,
We swear by Cæsar, and allow thy claim,
Transcending past, forestalling future fame.
And yet these Romans sapient and just
According merit due, in warlike trust,
In Grecian learning, fail in other views.
Passing events they apt are to abuse

And criticise and wait for the event.
Devoted to the ancients, and content
To think the tables of the law, by men
The decemvirs, appointed, treaties when
Gabians and Sabines were ; Pontifical
Old books and prophecies, and leaves, and all
Were sung by Muses on Albano's hill.

Though we accord unto the Grecians still
Pre-eminence in works that ancient are,
Yet still I hold that we are better far
In Latin lore, weighed in the balance. But
" Within the olive, and without the nut,
Is nothing worth ;" and we both paint and sing,
And wrestle better than the Greeks in ring.

If time but ripened poesy as wine,
I'd ask, what lapse of time do you assign
To ripen books ? for instance let us see,
A century old ? shall that accounted be
Ancient or modern, excellent or vile ?
That time shall silence doubts ; that poet's style
Is ripe, you say, that lives a hundred years.
But if it lack one year, or it appears
A month is lacking, shall we bar its claim
To antique worth and to poetic fame ?
You answer me ; in such a case you will
Admit its claim, the difference being *nil*.
Enough ! I take my stand, as hair by hair
I pluck the horse's tail till it is bare ;
So also year by year I pluck away,
Till nought is left of age to tell or say.

Then we revert to Libitina's doom,
Revering only those within the tomb.
Ennius, another Homer, learned and brave,
The critics avouch both,—he need not have
Fear for his reveries Pythagorean.
Nor Nævius—whom we read not—for we scan
His lines by heart, so sacred in our gaze
Are works, thus handed down, from former days.

Respective worth 'tis hard to estimate.
Pacuvius is most learn'd, and Accius great;
The toga of Menander fallen has
Upon Afranius; Plautus is witty as
Sicilian Epicharmus: comic parts
Cæcilius nature, and Terentius art.
Rome owns but these crowded in narrow sphere
And sole, since Livius Andronicus, dear.

Meantime the masses sometimes rightly judge,
And sometimes in their verdicts strangely budge.
But those who deem the ancient birds of song
Faultless and past comparison, are wrong:
Words obsolete, and phrases rude and rough,
Words even mean; but Jove is just enough,
And with a judgment true inspires them.
Not that I mean to rail at or condemn
The verse of Andronicus. Do I not
Remember well, how old Orbilius got
The mastery over me, perusing him?
But they who will persist his verses grim
Are grand, correct and perfect, drive me wild.
And if one is, now and anon, beguiled

By some good lines, the epithets they use
Are all outrageous towards a venal muse.
Let a new work appear they cry it down—
It has no merit, it is new, unknown;—
But let an old one be their subject task
They praise and honour it, nor pardon ask.
Now if I doubt the justice of the praise,
Wreaths, odours, cast on Atta and his plays,
Hark! to the shout of seniors, how they rave;
What! criticise a work that Æsop gave—
Which Roscius acted? hark how they take fire.
Offended in their notions, louder, higher,
They will not yield to youngsters, nor deny
With their grey hairs their boyhood's reverie.

Some vaunt the leaping Salii and their song,
And hold that I interpret Numa wrong.
They care not for their verses, nor the dead;
'Tis 'gainst the living that each wags his head.

But if the Greeks had acted in such wise,
Where then had been the dramas we so prize?
Their novelties are our antiques, in turn
Models we study, handbooks that we learn.

When Greece grew peaceful she grew trifling too,
Dealing in fables and amusements new,
Athletæ, steeds, marbles and ivory, brass,
And pictured stories gratified the mass;
Now Tibicinæ, now tragedian bands;
As children play and clap their little hands,
Fain to obtain and cast away their toys,
We from variety elicit joys.

Such were the fruits prosperity gave Greece,
Such the results of affluence and peace.

It was the custom revered at Rome,
That every man till noon should stop at home,
And see his clients, settle his affairs,
To hear his seniors, or instruct his heirs
How to grow rich by limiting desires.
All this is altered now ; all man requires
Is scribbled verse. Boys, and grave seniors, too,
Wreath ivy, sup, and rhyme ; that's all they do.
None worse than I myself. I oft defy
The demon rhyme, and like a Parthian lie :
Waking at break of day, I look about
For paper, pens, and for my desk bawl out.
Who knows not navigation dares not steer ;
Who knows not pharmacy would likewise fear
Prescribing hellebore ; the artist plies his art ;
But we forsooth learn'd or unlearn'd our part
We all can rhyme—yes, all of us can rhyme.
Well, 'tis a folly ; far remote from crime,
'Tis lapped in innocence. A poet ne'er
Is covetous—verse is his only care.
His slaves decamp, his house is pillaged, or
His house is burnt, he careth not therefore.
He ne'er defrauds a neighbour nor a ward,
He lives on bran bread, husks, he can afford ;
No soldier he, but useful citizen.
Do you concede me this ?—It follows then
Imperial matters may have need of small.
No word obscene was ever known to fall

From lips of his. He educates the young,
And fashions in its lisp the infant tongue :
He educates the youth in virtue's path,
Denouncing crimes, as envy, hate, and wrath.
He chants the praise of heroes, and he leads
Young aspirations to as doughty deeds.
He solaces the sick, relieves the poor,
And youth and maidens taught by him adore
The gods above, and by his Muse inspired
The chorus ask her aid, and by him fired
Lift up their voices and draw blessings down ;
Then dews descend from heaven above and drown
Fevors and maladies and make crops grow.
Song soothes the gods above and gods below.

Our ancestry, contented with small gains,
The earliest tillers of these fruitful plains,
Were wonted, after harvest home, to lead
Their wives, their boys, and comrades to the mead
To slay a sow to Tellus, to assign
Milk to Silvanus, and the flowers and wine
Unto the Genius watchful o'er their lives.

Fescennine verses, shreds of quips and gibes,
Were chanted by them in alternate verse.
'This license year by year indulged, grew worse
Than some could stomach ; it grew scandalous ;
It touched the honestest and private house.
And the assailed resented, till it grew
A matter for the commonwealth to rue.
And then a law was made prohibiting,
With penalty attached, such libelling.

The fear of beatings, beat the love of verse,
And libels grew restricted and more terse.

Next conquered Greece became our conqueror,
Instructing us in her superior lore.
So the Saturnian numbers grew refined,
Though, sooth to say, some rust remained behind.

Later the Romans studied rolls of Greece,
'Twas after Punic wars had merged in peace;
And Thespis, Æschylus, and Sophocles
Opened our eyes to beauties formed to please;
Nay, more, we tried to copy them, nor failed.
The Roman tongue, by nature grand, inhaled
The tragic spirit, natively and strong.
We only dreaded blots and renderings wrong.

Deem not that comedy is easier writ;
For modern life and deeds composing it
It really is more difficult to dress,
And our indulgence of a failure less.
Now look at Plautus—how he slurs the parts
Of avaricious fathers', maidens' hearts,
Lovers and panders. See Dorsennus don
The comic buskin villanously on,
He and his parasites; to fill the purse
Is all they care for, not scenes they rehearse.
He who the buskin dons for windy fame
Depends upon his audience: if they blame,
If they but hiss one hiss, his spirit dies;
So also their applauses make it rise.
Off with the buskins, if I'm fat or lean,
According as they clap or hiss the scene.

Another thing oppresses the poor bard.
When the plebeian tribe, unlearned and hard
And numerous, are jarring with the knights,
And call for bears and gladiator fights,
For bears and blows are pastime to the mob.
And yet the knightly ranks consent to fob
Their ears and wits for pleasures of the eye.
Across the stage the troop of horsemen hie,
And bands of foot, and kings with shackled hands,
Belgic and British wains, with captive bands,
Chariots and ships, carved ivory is the rage;
Ay, captive Corinth carried o'er the stage.

Sure if Democritus returned to earth,
And marked the crowd viewing some monstrous birth,
Half pard, half camel, or white elephant,
'Twould move his laughter till his sides would pant.

A crowd is better than our comic plays.
And author poets—as the proverb says—
Narrate to the deaf ass; for voices fail
To pierce the murmur of the crowded pale
Like Tuscan billows, or the forest's roar
When tempests buffet with the sea or shore.
Hark to their plaudits: what are they about,
Do they applaud the actor with such shout?
No, 'tis some novel garb, some novel dye,
Tarentine tints have caught and pleased their eye.

Nay, deem not envy moves me to detract
From a profession I do not enact;
Like to the tight rope, I behold the scene
Where poetry has power to reign as queen

Over man's soul, to soothe it or affright
With phantoms, all unreal as those of night,
Or which transports me in a trance or dream
To Thebes, to Athens, by a will supreme.

Up, then, and estimate the authors, who
Prefer a reading to a gaping crew
Vain and fastidious: deck Apollo's fane
With books of worth, inaugurate his reign,
And aid his friendless bard, who, struggling on,
Is fain to scale the mountain Helicon.
Yet simple poets many blunders make,—
(And I prune my own vineyards)—when we break
Upon you, busied or pre-occupied;
When friendly candid critics are defied;
When we recite unbidden; when we 'plain
Of unappreciation, of the pain
We took to paint the passions subtilely,
With hope and faith that Cæsar soon will see
And recognize in each the touch divine,
And bid us come and offer at his shrine.
As Chœrilus, by Alexander, once
Was paid with golden philips, though a dunce,
For wretched verses. But as ink will soil
The fairest hand, so will a scribbler foil
The fairest claim to fame. This selfsame king,
Who paid so dearly for such worthless thing,
Issued an edict, that none other than
Apelles' self should limn his outer man;
None save Lysippus sculpture it. 'Tis strange
His judgment, here so just and true, should range;

In sculpture and in painting just—yet be
Bœotian, in respect to poesy.

It is not so with you, Oh sire, you know
Full well a worthy preference to show,—
Virgilius and Varius graced by you.
As bronze reflects the features, so we view
The virtues live in verses of the bard.
Nor would I grovel on this lowly sward,
If I could rise to chant in numbers due,
The regions, mountains, floods, subdued by you,
Scale the hill-fort, burst the barbaric reign,
And plant sweet plenty on the peaceful plain.
Close Janus, barred and bolted, in his dome,
And make the Parthian dread imperial Rome.

Such is my will, but not such Muse is mine,
And majesty must humble verse decline.
Nor would my spirit dare attempt a song
Beyond my strength, to do my subject wrong,
For foolish zeal may injure with its praise,
Especially in verse and votive lays.
For ridicule is very prompt to blame,
Nor veneration prompt to grant a claim.
Such action I disclaim, no wish have I
To stand in waxwork fulsome to the eye,
Nor live in numbers hateful to the ear;
Let me not blush such misery to bear,
Stretched out, to hear my panegyrist bawl
In pannier borne along from stall to stall,
Where'er waste paper purchased is, to fold
A pennyworth of pepper bought and sold.

EPISTLE II.

TO FLORUS.

FLORUS, and friend of Nero, faithful friend,
Say if a merchant would a slave boy send
Of Tibur or of Gabii—saying, “Lo!
He handsome is and sound from top to toe;
Eight thousand and he’s yours: a bond-child he,
Obsequious to a nod, and quick to see;
He knows some Greek and fitted is for trade;
Clay, sir, whate’er you will he may be made;
He warbles too, untaught, the festal song.
I could add more, but will not, praise too strong
Would make you think, perchance, I wish to puff.
I am not needy, sir; I have enough,
No dealer could afford him at that price,
Nor would I, save to you, sir, offer twice.
He ran away, it seems he did not like
The sight of whips hung on the stairs to strike.”

Then buy him, buy him; if you do not fear
A runaway. The vendor he is clear,
He told the fault; and will you go to law
On such a plea and sue a man of straw?

I turn unto myself: an idler, I
Neglect the very things beneath my eye;
But now I rouse me up to soothe your spleen
If the epistle promised be not seen.
You say I have not sent the promised Ode,
I pray you read and mark this episode.
Lucullus had a soldier well equipped
With lots of brass: he slept and woke, but stripped

Of every brazen doit : enraged with all,
Foe, Fortune, and himself, he scaled the wall,
Like to a famished wolf he won his way
Resistless, and he glutted was with prey ;
And honours followed ; money, too, his share
Was twenty thousand sesterces. Next year
Another fort was to be scaled : once more
“ My gallant comrade,” said Lucullus, “ soar
And win more prizes, honours, and more praise,
Hence with auspicious foot.” The soldier stays,
And answered him with cautious rustic tone,
“ Bid one to do it who has lost his zone.”*

I was brought up at Rome, and there was taught
The ills to Greece wrathful Achilles wrought ;
From thence I went to Athens, where I learned
The moral doctrines, good and ill discerned,
And sought out truth in Academic shades.
Hard times invaded me in peaceful glades,
And civil war, I was called off to fight
On the wrong side, opposing Cæsar's might,
And destitute I left Philippi's field.
Want and clipped wings enforced my soul to yield,
I rushed to verse, by poverty made bold.
And now I have good means, I would be told
What I should do to purify the brains
And slumber free from versifying strains.
For passing years still steal my wits away,
My merriment, my loves, convivial play.
They snatch too at my verse, what must I do ?
Not all are pleased by the same things ; for you

* The zone, with the military purse, worn round the body.

Love lyric verse, some for iambics call,
Bion's black salt cheers others best of all.
Thus my three guests have likewise palates three.
Which serve, and which deny? What pleases thee
Displeases them, two ever against one.
And Rome,—is Rome the place beneath the sun
To woo the Muse, midst labours and midst cares?
Here one wants bail, another wants my ears
To hear his verses; one dwells on Aventine,
One on Quirinal. I must see both in fine,
Great is the distance. Yes, but the road is free,
You can spin verses as you visit me.
Yes truly: a contractor, red hot, first
With mules and burdens; then a rope accurst
With stone or timber swinging round your head;
A hearse with groanings to disturb its dead,
A rabid dog that flees, a sow that greets,
Go to, and spin your verses in the streets.

The Muses' choir flies cities for the groves,
Client to Bacchus through the shades he roves
And rhymes or slumbers, but here day and night
The glamour roars; go to, you cannot write.

A scholar who in Athens was interred,
For seven years, with books and thought, incurred
An air when he emerged which made us laugh,
A statue taciturn, a human calf;
Lyrics and verse and Rome would make me grim,
And I should turn out not unlike to him.

Two brothers lived in Rome: a lawyer one,
One a great rhetorician: who would stun

Each other with landations. "Gracchus, thou
My brother art." "Mucius, dear brother, you."

And poets do the like; my odes, he says,
And I, his verses and elegiac lays
Were polished by the Muses. Next behold
With what an air, superlatively cold,
We look around our dedicated fane.
Now follow, if with leisure, in our train
And listen to our speech and hear the praise,
And how we crown each other with the bays.
We fight like Samnites by the lamp's dim glow
In the mock duel, and give blow for blow.
I am Alcæus—he, Callimachus—
If that suffices not, with further fuss
He rises up Mimnernus,—that will do.

We poets are an irritable crew.
How much I suffer when I write to please
And suppliant gain the public suffrages.
But when 'tis over then I bar mine ears,
Myself again and blind to smiles or tears.
We mock the simple spinners of bad rhyme,
But they enjoy their pastime, and its chime;
If others praise not, they delighted sit,
And read their epic and are charmed with it.

But he who strives in verse legitimate
To win the wreath, far different is his fate;
He sits as censor o'er himself—'tis true
A partial censor, but with courage due
He must lop off, erase, amend the verse
Of all that is not dignified and terse.

He must depose a word, howe'er it grieve,
Sacred as Vesta, it the seat must leave.
Old words, long time unused, must disinter
And polish up anew, which made a stir
In days of Cato's and Cethegus' reign;
Cleanse them of dust and dirt for use again.
New words he must create, a novel brood;
Then vehement and liquid as a flood
Pour out the treasures of his mind and reach
The dignity of Roman thought and speech,
Prune its luxuriance and refine the bluff,
Affect an ease, though it be action rough,
As is the Satyr's or the Cyclop's dance.
Ah! truly, could I choose, so would I prance,
Rustic and stupid with contented grin
Than seek perfection which I cannot win.

There was a man at Argos, well to do,
Who thought he heard tragedians acting,—who
Would sit and listen and applaud before
The empty stage; but otherwise he bore
Himself quite well, good citizen, good host,
Proud of his wife, nor his good temper lost
With servants, though the bottle's seal was slit,
Who shunned alike the precipice and pit;
His relatives with some expense and pains
And hellebore, had righted his poor brains,
And sense returned: "Pol! ye have killed me friends,
Indeed I thank you not. My pastime ends,
I am robbed, perforce, of a delusion sweet."

Ah Florus, it is time, it is more meet

To lay aside such trifling and such toys,
Fittest for youth, fittest for girls and boys,
The modulated sound of smitten lyres,
For truth and morals, such as life requires.
Therefore I sit and commune with my soul.
If I am fevered, thirst beyond control,
I seek the doctor : wherefore do not you
Thirsting for more, the more you have, ensue
Some friend to aid ? for if you have a wound
Which roots and drugs have failed to render sound,
You change your remedy. 'Twas said of old
Gods render sager them possessing gold ;
You are not wiser with your richer stores,
You listen aye to the same monitors.
If riches gave us prudence, if they gave
Aught that would make more happy or more brave,
Then might you blush bloodred and deem it dearth
Whilst you beheld a richer man on earth.

By purchase and inheritance we claim
Possessions : use gives, says law, the same.
But, I say, whosoever tills a field
Tills it for you. Though Orbius reap the yield
He sells that yield to you, and owns you lord,
You give him money, and he spreads your board
With grapes, eggs, fowl, and wine ; and day by day
The rental of another's field you pay,
For which he paid, perhaps, two thousand down.
Purchased or not, it is, in fact, your own.

The mighty landlord of Arician woods
And Veian plains, he purchases his goods,

His pulse and firewood, though he know it not ;
Calls them "his own : " his property is what
Is marked by a big poplar tree, the bound
Preventing squabbles, of his neighbour's ground.
"His own," may be another's any hour
By prayer, by purchase, by despotic power,
By supreme Fate : so properties change hands,
And so another enters on your lands.

No usance is perpetual : as wave
Succeeds to wave, so heirs succession have.
What profit then the villas and the barns,
What the Calabrian and Lucanian farms,
If Orcus mete alike the small and great
To gold and pomp of state, inexorate ?

Marbles, Etruscan vases, ivories,
Gold, silver, paintings, and Getulian dyes,
There are, who have not, neither care to have.
Behold two brothers ; one a very slave
To ease and follies, which in soul he loves
Beyond the wealth of Herod's palmy groves.
The other one, rich and importunate,
Grubbing and ploughing early morn and late,
Taming the glebe : their Genius only knows,
Who ruled their stars and fate at birth bestows,
The god of human nature, he who dies.
When dies the man ; who ruled his destinies
With varied countenance, now white, now black. •

I use my modicum and own no lack,
I use it with discretion, neither shrink
From what the heir may say, or do, or think,

Of whether I have wasted or improved.
But much it recks, the sphere in which I moved,
Should think and say the course that I had run,
Was, in its golden mean, a worthy one.

Oh! be assured, it differs far to spend
Profusely, and absurdly give and lend,
Or sordidly amass. Nay rather snatch,
Like boys, at the Quinquatria, and catch
The fleeting holyday. Let me sail free
From sordid poverty; to stem the sea,
I care not if my bark be large or small.
Though Aquilon will not come at my call,
Neither will Auster merge me in the deep.
Between the twain a steady course I keep,
In strength, in wit, in person, purse, and place,
Neither the last nor foremost in the race.

You are not covetous: agreed, but there
Are other vices you must flee with fear.
Ambition beats in every gulp of breath,
Anger and passion and the dread of death.
Dreams, magic terrors, miracles and guile,
Phantoms, Thessalian witchcraft—Ah, you smile,
Do you rejoice at birthdays? pardon friends?
Do you grow wiser, better as life wends?
What doth it boot to root one canker-thorn
Of many in your heart? If you cannot adorn
Your life and lot, yield them to those who can.
Ate, drank, and played, thou hast the goal outran,
'Tis time for thee to go; or ere the pride
Of lustier youth your senectude deride.

ODES OF HORACE.

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ODES OF HORACE.

LECTOR Benevole—as the giants of literature who printed their magnificent and ponderous tomes, with headings, marginal notes, and indexes—were wonted to address their readers in a preface: Benevolent Reader! I do not offer any excuse for presenting to you the pages which precede this; for they contain as good and graphic a picture of Rome, with the Temple of Janus closed after the direful scenes of Civil War and slaughters which had preceded that period, as can almost be desired. You will find instead of a reign of terror a reign of sensual indulgence, but so needful, as a period of repose, that it appears no marvel that Augustus should have been regarded as a god, and the Romans run riot with delight. It did not last, the name of Tiberius follows: suffice it to say that, in Titian's picture of the crowning with thorns, above our Saviour's head is inscribed "Tiberius Cæsar," and that the hideous names of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, fulfil forty years of brutality, upon a sensual, fallen, and despised populace. A respite of above 120 years was

granted under worthier names, and for other providential purposes; ere Commodus, Caracalla, and Heliogabalus completed its ruin: some spasmodic dying throes intervened, and Rome, the mistress of the world, sunk to the assault of the Goths.

We are introduced in the above Satires and Epistles into this transition state of Rome. But we must beware of accepting, at their own valuation, the worthies who introduce themselves to our notice. Augustus, Mæcenæ, and Horace, were very ordinary mortals, like their parallels of a sequent age, Queen Anne, Pope, and Harley, and their satellites, Swift, Addison, Bolingbroke, and Gay; all of them, men of pettier passions than ordinary, although grandiloquent in their own praises.

“ Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.”

So is it with Horace; and yet we may doubt whether the vices of the age are not self-attributed by him merely to work out his Satires and book of Epodes. Whether so or not he has quaintly and graphically told his tale, and it will give both pleasure and profit in the perusal.

But what can I say in justification of printing the Odes which follow, which have been translated and printed before in bulk sufficient to erect a pile huge as the pyramid of Cheops? I can offer none. “A truant

disposition, good my Lord!" says the Danish Horatio to Hamlet.

Horace himself indulged in a great number of different measures, which baffle our English tongue in their melody. In that respect the previous failures are not the fault of the translators, because the verse is beyond our reach; but the dilution of words, the expansion of four lines into eight, the ignoring the great characteristic of Horace, rapidity, — for in an Epode he rushes like a torrent, and, moreover, that book is the most easily Englished, — is unpardonable. Benevolent Reader, I print my collection of imperfect Odes, for my own health and recreation. I believe, and acknowledge it may be, another failure, and which ought to have lighted the fire.

And now, my little book, as Horace was wonted to apostrophize his works; you will go forth and no man will take heed to you. You will be like Wisdom crying in the streets; and very luckily for you it is so, otherwise your fate under the paw of Bear critic, would be similar to that of Mr. Samuel Slick's cow Brindle, who saved Mr. Slick's life. "Bear nabbed her and tore her most ridiculous." Yes, my book, you might be nabbed, and torn most ridiculous, from which fate your insignificance will save you.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, descended of ancientest regal race,
Rock of defence to me, honour and chiefest grace ;
 There are who in their chariot flights
 Opine to scale Olympian heights,
And if the goal be successfully rounded,
Praise and applause are their due loudly sounded,
 Held up to be as gods in worth,
 And the chosen lords of earth.
Some are contented with crowds them attending,
And by democracy their steps befriending ;
 Some are contented if they gain
 Granaries filled with Libyan grain.
Some who delight in the hoe and the harrow,
Fields free from weeds and well fenced from the farrow,
 And who will not for foreign grain
 Tempt the Cyprian rocks and main.
Mercator, who dreads, too, the blast and the billow,
Wedded to ease and repose on his pillow,
 Arouses him when lust of gain
 Bids him to tempt the seas again.
Some are contented with Massican cups of wine,
Seated by fountains, babbling through groves of pine,
 Marking not, in shady bower,
 Fleeting day or midnight's hour.

And there be some whom the camp and its troops delight,
Trumpets and clarions, and the fictitious fight :

War, which is the matrons' dread,

Storming and capturing their head.

Then see the hunter, shunning his wedded wife,
Beneath the skies' canopy, dragging a weary life

To rouse the deer at dawning day,

Or bring the Marsian boar to bay.

But I, O Mæcenas, hold the divinest charm

Lies in the ivy wreath ; give to my Sabine farm

Polyhymnia with her quire,

And the sacred Lesbian lyre.

And there assembled the fauns and bright nymphs to
greet,

And bidding courts farewell, welcome my rustic seat ;

Skies shall be my further sphere

If I chosen be, their seer.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Now then, enough of snow and hail to blight us,

Jupiter Father, hast thou sent to fright us,

Shaking thy hand o'er Palatine to smite us

And sacred city.

Frightening the people, lest again the deluge

And age of Pyrrha, monsters of the deep huge,

Brood now unknown of Proteus, should seek refuge

Grazing our mountains.

Then through the elm-grove dolphins chose to wander
Where in aforesaid times turtles used to ponder,
And fearful does would swim above and maunder
On deluge waters.

Ah, we have seen the yellow Tiber rolling
'Gainst shores Etruscan and rejected, bowling
Down regal monuments—passion uncontrolling—
And Vesta's temples ;
Old sighs and tears of Ilia resenting,
On the left bank, in passion unrelenting,
Tiber still dashing—Jove though unconsenting—
Uxorious river !

And Roman youth, though fewer than they once were
In the old ages, would against themselves rear
Weapons aggressive, forged for foreign warfare
Against the Parthians.

Then by what voice of deities befriending,
For our imperial power down descending,
Or by what vows of Vestal maids ascending
May we soothe Vesta ?

To whom will Jove commit his power dispensive
To man's offences, pardon comprehensive ;
To thee, in clouds with golden light condensive,
Augur Apollo ?

Or thee, sweet mother Erycinan, smiling,
With quips and jokes and Cupid winged beguiling—
Or thee, O sire, for thine own sons aye toiling,
Mavortial father ;

Art thou not cloyed with sight and sound of battle ;
Dost thou not weary of the breastplate's rattle,
Marsian footmen, wild and savage cattle,

Daunting their foemen ?

Or thee, winged son of Maia the Pleiad,
Changing the youthful shape that you on high had,
Patient of earthly ministry—affied

Cæsar's avenger.*

Thou wilt return hereafter to thy heaven
Pleased with thy sojourn with our mundane leaven,
Not by swift airs of indignation driven

From thy Quirini.

Stay and enjoy the fame of deeds which haunt us,
Father and Prince we style you when we vaunt us,
And suffer not the Median horse to daunt us,

Thou leader, Cæsar.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP, FREIGHTED WITH VIRGILIUS.

So may the goddess, potent in sweet Cyprus,
So may the brother twins, the sons of Leda,
So may the father speed thee, winds imprisoned,
Save the Japygian.

And thou, O bark, entrusted with Virgilius,
Render him safely to the port Pireian—

* It was a popular belief that Mercury assumed the form of Octavius to avenge Julius Cæsar.

Half of myself thou bearest in thy hull, to
Attican regions.

Of heart of oak, with triple brass environed,
Was his firm breast, insensible to danger,
Who in a frail bark, from the Pelion mountain,
First dared the billows.

He neither feared the stormy blast of Afra
On the fierce wave with Aquilon contending,
Nor misty Hyads, nor mad Notus, raiding
Seas Adriatic.

Tell me what form of death can e'er appal him
Who with dry eyes has seen the monsters roaming
And billows breaking on the rocks and mountain
Acroceraunian.

In vain has God dissociated nations,
Rolling the waves of separation 'twixt them
If impious barks may burst the sacred barriers
Of Ocean's waters.

Truly there nought is, human bosoms dare not
If aught forbidden lures them to the conflict
E'en as thy son, Iäpetê, once filched the
Flame from high heaven.

After that theft of sacrilege accomplished,
E'en in defiance of ethereal powers—
Leanness and fever, and quick death descended
On mortal dwellings.

Dædalus soared with pinions unconceded,
And through the plains of ether won a free way;
Hercules dived to Acherontine regions
And realms infernal.

Nought is impossible—nothing can control man—
Lo ! in his folly he invades the heavens,
Nor gives Jove leisure to lay by his thunders
Lifted in anger.

ODE IV.

WINTER is passed with all its frost and snow,
The zephyrs breathe, to seas the vessels glide,
Flocks are impatient from the fold to go,
Nor patient at the hearth the rustics bide.
Now Cythereian Venus leads her maids,
Linked hand in hand with Graces, to the glades
To dance in the new moon with flashing feet ;
Whilst Vulcan's Cyclopeian hammers beat.
With brows enwreathed with the fresh sweets of spring
The scented youth go forth to dance and sing ;
Or unto Faunus pay, in cavern hid,
His vow of votive lamb or struggling kid.
Pale death pursues his silent course alone
With equal step by hovel or by throne.

O gifted Sextius, deem not that by thee
He will pass by, or that life's brevity
Allows to thee a dream of endless days.
Soon must we visit Pluto's realm, where strays
The silent spirit—whence is no return.
No feasts recall one from the marble urn,
Nor President, nor Lycidas, with song,
Till love and damsels lure him to their throng.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT ardent youth, now scented and unguented
Stretched amidst roses, strewn on the grateful bed,
Clasps thee, O Pyrrha, in his arms?
Thou unadorned in sweetest simplicity
Binding the golden locks, bursting their silken tie,
He must, awakened, curse those charms.
As the fond mariner, launched on a placid sea,
Thinks it will ever so bright and so gracious be,
He ignorant of hostile gales.
I, shipwrecked mariner, my votive offering hangs
With my wet garments where Neptune's temple stands
High hung on wall, with shipwrecked sails.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

Now the strong-pinioned and Mæonian measure,
Chanted O Varius, in our peaceful leisure
Sings victories naval, troops and captive treasure,
Under thy conduct.
We, O Agrippa, fear the rocks to dash on
Out of our province ; of Peleidan passion,
Of Ulyssean craftiness, or crash on
The house of Pelops.
Such subject matters bolder verse require,
Timid the Muse is who inspires my lyre,
Glories of Cæsar and thy martial fire
I fear to chant of.

What song can tell of Mars in armour fighting,
Or dust of 'Troy the sable Merion whiting,
Or Diomedes, Pallas him inciting,

Quelling immortals?

My song may tell of youth and maidens' battles,
Lovers' fond quarrels and their vacuous prattles,
And sharpened nails, to curb the merry rattles,
Such are my subjects.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

LET others vaunt bright Rhodes or Mitylene,
Ephesus, or the double-oceaned Corinth,
Or Thebes of Bacchus, Delphi of Apollo,
Noted in story, or Thessalian Tempe,
Or like to some whose sole perpetual theme is
Athens, the city of unwed Minerva,
And to pluck chaplets from her sacred olive.
Many there be preferring Juno's praises,
Horses of Argos, riches of Mycenæ.
But not for me hath sober Lacedæmon,
Nor the fat meads and tillage of Larissa,
Charms which can equal the Albunean fountain,
And headlong Anio, and Tiburnan gardens,
Rivulets bland and irrigated orchards,
Where zephyrs purge the darkened vault of heaven,
And the soft showers alternate with sunshine.

Even so, Plancus ! alternate thy sorrow.
With some indulgence of Lyæan pleasures,
Whether encamped beneath the planted standard
Or in the groves of Tibur's haunts reclining.

Teucer, from Salamis, by paternal anger
Cast on the wide world, wound' his brows with poplar,
And pouring wine forth, cheered his sad companions.

"Friends and associates, Fortune yet may prove her
Kinder to us than did our unkind father.
Never despair with Teucer for your leader,
Of auspices Teucrian. Phœbus, doubtless, promised
Some other Salamis in our doubtful future ;
Cheer up, my friends, recall your fallen spirits,
Let Bacchant draughts relax the souls of sorrow.
Be glad to-day, for when dawn breaks to-morrow
We must renew our course o'er trackless ocean."

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

LYDIA, answer me, by all the gods, I pray
Why dost thou hasten to ruin young Sybaris,
Why does he shun the sun, why hate the dusty fray?
Why midst equestrian bands is there no steed of his
Careless to moderate the Gallic coursers' pride?
Why does he fear to plunge in Tiber's yellow tide?
Why does he hate the oil worse than the viper's charm?
Why does he cast the shield off from his livid arm?

Why does he shun both the discus and javelin?
Why does he hide him a feminine garb within?
As erst Achilles, the son of fair Thetis, did,
And Troy victorious was, long time as he lay hid.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

SEE, Thaliarchus, how the snow descending,
Covers Soracte; trees and branches bending
Under their burden, and floods slowly wending
Frozen by winter.

Come, Thaliarchus, let us baulk the weather,
Heap on the wood, throw on the tufts of heather,
Open the wine vaults, let us quaff together
Four-year Sabinan.

And leave the rest to the great gods of heaven,
For they will lull the storm o'er ocean driven,
And holy pines and elms shall stand unriven;
It is their pleasure.

And shun to ask what will occur to-morrow,
Count as a gain each day you beg or borrow,
Slur not your boyhood, free from grief and sorrow,
Chant with the Muses.

And in your youth time mingle with sweet faces,
Rush to the Campus and the public places,
Join in the converse which the silence graces
Of the soft evening.

And woo the damsel slily thee beguiling,
She will betray herself by merry smiling,
Then snatch the ring or bracelet, undefiling,
She will resign it.

ODE X.

TO MERCURIUS.

TRICKSY Mercurius, of great Atlas grandson,
You from his savage haunts the race of man won,
Gave elocution, and taught feats of grace done
In the palæstra.

Herald of Jupiter, herald of the conclave
In starry skies, inventor of the concave
Tortoise-shell lyre, and of thefts the bland knave,
Thee will I hymn still.

When that his heifers filched were hid in hollow,
When to retrieve them he was forced to follow,
Reft of his bow and quiver, bright Apollo
Smiled at thy deftness.

And when king Priam under thy affiance
Sought the Thessalian fires of alliance,
He passed the lines Atreidan in defiance,
Cheating their sentries.

The pious spirits of the blessèd hail thee,
When with thy rod of gold to there avail thee
You force the limits in Avernan pale, free
As in high heaven.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOË.

SEEK not Leuconoë to know
Lore forbidden to man below.
Ask not of Babylonian leaves ;
Take whatever Fortune weaves.
Whether the present wintry wave,
Dashing through the Tuscan cave,
Be the last that Heaven will give,
Or if through others you must live,
Drink and be merry ; give no scope
To the futile dreams of hope.
Whilst we talk time flees away,
Trust not to-morrow, crop to-day.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHAT chief or hero is thy verse now vaunting
Clio ! on harp or flute the mountain haunting ?
What god whose name the rocks and woods enchanting
In jocund response ?
Art thou on Helicon, in deep shade abounding,
On Pindus, or on Hæmus storm resounding,
Where rashly Orpheus roved, and drew surrounding
Groves that would follow.

By thee instructed with maternal fire
The floods descending, breezes roaming higher,
Crowd to the sound of modulated lyre

With oaks around him.

First let me chant of heaven's king the praises,
Him who the lot of gods and man upraises,
And sea and earth and seasons in their phases

Tempers to duty ;

High above all, in majesty supernal,
And without equal : yet we can discern all,
Next in her place and rank, the maid eternal

Pallas Minerva.

Nor, Bacchus fierce in combat, will we slight you,
Nor the fierce Dian, in the silvan fight true ;
Nor with the shafts unerring and the bright yew,

Phœbus Apollo.

And great Alcides, born of fair Alcmena,
And the twin brothers, sons of fairer Leda,
Horseman and boxer, and whose stars at need are

Grateful to sailors.

Then fall the billows from the rocks unhidden,
Then fall the winds, then flee the clouds unbidden,
Settles the ocean, as though it had been chidden

By the twin brethren.

Tell after these, of Romulus terrific,
Tell of Pompilius, and his reign pacific,
And of Tarquinius, fasces stained horrific

And Cato dying.

Regulus, the Scauri, Paulus in the van, he

Yielding his soul to Hannibal at Cannæ,
And let us chant beloved of the Camœnæ

Simple Fabricius.

And tell of Curius, unshorn tresses waving,
Sing of Camillus, with parental saving,
Leaving the homestead and the battle braving,
Fought for his country.

Tell of Marcellus, with renown increasing,
As in the night the herbage bursts unceasing,
And star of Julius, as the full moon pleasing,
Mid minor planets.

Father Saturnian ! ruler of high heaven
And race of mortals, unto thee is given,
The care of him who after thee has striven,
Cæsar Augustus.

Whether the Parthian, foe to Rome, repelling,
Or upon regions Oriental quelling
Seres and Indians, nations that are dwelling
On Ind and Ganges.

So beneath thee, with righteous sceptre guiding
You on Olympus in your chariot riding,
Smite with the bolt the children unconfiding,
Worshipping orgies.

ODE XIII.

JEALOUSY.

LYDIA, when you sing the praises
Of Telephus, his roseate hue,
Chest and arms, it only raises
The black bile and devils blue.
Tears down stealing, colour flying,
Heart and soul within me dying,
By the hidden flame expiring,
Wasting with the soul's desiring.
I am mad to think his kisses
Moisten on thy neck divine,
He with wine and fury misses
Bliss so sensitive as mine.
If thine ear hath any hearing
Let me bid it to beware,
Joys like his are only searing,
And dismissed without a care.
Venus steeps with bliss emphatic
Nectar on the ruby lips,
He knows not the kiss ecstatic
Who so barbarously sips.
Happy they whose love ne'er ranging,
Happy twice, and thrice, and more,
Whose devotion never changing,
Constant lives till life is o'er.

ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

BARK of the Commonwealth, waves are o'erpowering thee,
What dost thou madly do? put not from port to sea:

Billows sweep thy naked side,

Void of oars to stem the tide.

Thy mainmast is sprung by the terrible Africus;

The ropes are unstrung and groaning, impetuous

Ocean overwhelms thy hull,

Hardly will it bide the lull.

Rent is thy mainsail, brother gods unaiding;

Nor do thy prayers avail, waves the bark abrading,

Although built of Pontic pine,

Daughter of the noblest line;

Yet will not lineage nor high name avail you,

Nor in the painted hull, seamen trust the sail to:

'Take care lest when out of port,

Of the storm you be the sport.

Ofttimes, before, have I seen days as dangerous,

But now I quail from turmoils that range o'er us;

O, be advised, and whilst at ease,

Shun the shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.

PROPHECY OF THE FALL OF TROY.

WHEN with Idæan pines the shepherd boy,

Abused his hostage faith and sailed for 'Troy,

Spartan Helen by his side:
Nereus calmed the winds and tide,
Vengeance to utter on the faithless swain.
“ With auspices of ill you tempt the main,
Greece will to the rescue rush,
Vengeance will old Priam crush.
Eheu! what floods of sweat and blood must flow,
Horses and warriors, Dardan ranks laid low.
Pallas dons her casque and shield
In her car to scour the field.
And though defiant in thy patron’s aid
Thou bindest up thy locks of golden braid,
Vain is Venus’ aid, or charms
Of melody, ’gainst manly arms.
Vain to escape the Gnosian shafts—in vain
The fierce pursuit of Ajax—they will train
Head and lyre in the dust,
Tresses of adulterous lust.
Dost thou not see Ulysses on thy track,
And Pylian Nestor, and close at their back
Salaminian Teucer’s spear,
And headlong Sthenelus appear,
Learned in coursers; dost thou see beside
Great Meriones, in his chariot’s pride,
And Diomedes, warrior true,
In the battle singling you?
Ay! as the timid hart flees through the glade,
Nor thinks of pasture, of the wolf afraid,
So wilt thou from Diomed
Flee away, and leave the maid.

Achilles' wrath shall for a while remit
The day of vengeance to thy treason fit,
When Priam, Troy, and Phrygian dames,
Must suffer Grecian sword and flames."

ODE XVI.

THE PALINODIA, OR RECANTATION.

- O FAIREST daughter, than thy mother fairer,
Canst thou of my iambics be the hearer
Nor let them due vengeance have,
Flame, or Adriatic wave?
Nor Dindymênê, nor Delphian Apollo,
When they call up their votaries to follow,
Nor Bacchantes on Cyllene's brow,
Nor Corybantes, turmoil know,
Equal to wrath, that in the bosom clashing,
Which neither sword, nor tempest fire flashing,
Neither can Jupiter control
The fire flashing through the soul.
For when Prometheus wrought his man to fashion,
He, with foreknowledge, from the brutes drew passion,
And infused the lion's part,
Fury's frenzy, in his heart.
So was Thyestes merged by wrath in ruin,
So wrath has caused the ruins earth bestrewing,
Where the conqueror has passed,
And plough o'er citadels downcast.

O fairest daughter, than thy mother fairer,
Calm, calm thy bosom, let not passion sear her,
 I often have approved, in sooth,
 Passion in unbridled youth,
Which set my spirit in iambics raving ;
But now my soul for quietude is craving,
 I retract all I have said,
 So you'll smile again, fair maid !

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

OFTEN doth Faunus quit the hills Lycæan
For Lucretilis, my poor mount plebeian,
 And defends my breeding goats,
 From the sun, and wind, and moats.
Safely they wander through the groves of arbute,
Browsing the wild thyme, sweeter than their own suite,
 When nor martial wolf they fear,
 Nor green serpent, when they hear,
Dear Tyndaris, your song and pipe resounding,
Upon Ustica's slopes, with fruits abounding,
 And the gods smile down on me
 Loving song and piety.
Here Plenty pours for you her horn abundant,
Here from the dog-star in the shade recumbent,
 You may strike the Teian lyre,
 And compare the lovers' fire,
Penelope and Circe, gold and dross,
And quaff the while our homely wine of Lesbos,

Here where Bacchus reigns, and bars
Gates against tyrannic Mars.
And fear not here that Cyrus shall assail you,
We have the means of shelter to avail you,
He shall not a finger set
On vest, or tress, or coronet.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

Moderation in the Wine Cup recommended.

O VARUS, ever let the vine be nursed
At Tibur or Catillus, chief, and first,
The sacred vine upon the sunny side.
For him who never wets his lip in wine
Solicitude has planned some fate condign,
For who complains when with the cup affied?
None will of war or poverty complain,
But chant to Bacchus, or a grateful strain
To Venus, fairest and most beautiful.
And yet let us beware and shun the fate
Of Lapithæ and Centaurs, wine, and hate,
And Evius to Sithonian boors most dull,
Who right and wrong confound. O Bassareus,*
Grant that I never may thy gift misuse,
Nor snatch from off thy godhead covering leaves.
But stop those Berecynthian pipes and drums,
From empty clamour emptier boasting comes,
And folly one transparently perceives.

* Bassar, in Hebrew, vintage, unde Bassareus; Evius, also from evos, and the Hebrew—as see Bochart, i. 441.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

By the terrible mother of Cupid,
And Semele's dread Theban son,
And by licence and leisure made stupid,
I have relighted flames past and done.
Now Glycera burns me with brightness,
Purer, fairer, than Parian stone ;
I am caught by the girl's gracious lightness,
And her eyes of such beautiful tone.
For Venus has Cyprus deserted,
And rushes to quell me with dreams ;
My reason and rhymes are perverted,
From Scythian, Parthian themes.
Then hither, boy, bring the turf hither,
Burn vervain and incense on shrine ;
They may cease my poor heart-strings to wither,
When they banquet on blood and on wine.

ODE XX.

INVITATION TO MÆCENAS.

Nothing with me but wine of vile Sabinum,
And in small goblets, but then to refine them
With my own hand in Grecian ware
I sealed them up, whilst plaudits were,
O dear Mæcenas, of equestrian order,
Caught up from thy paternal river border,

And thence re-echoed by the hill
Of Vatican in joyous thrill.
At home off Cæcuban, Calenan, dining,
You can sit down abroad without repining,
Where Falernian does not glow,
Where the Formian does not grow.

ODE XXII.

HE of stern honour and of life unblemished,
Wants not, O Fuscus, Mauritanian quivers
Heavy with shafts envenomed, nor the buckler,
Bow, nor the javelin.
Whether he journey through the sandy deserts,
Whether he scale inhospitable mountains,
Ridges of Caucasus, or the fabled places
Washed by Hydaspes.
For as I wandered in the Sabine forest,
Far beyond bounds, and chanted in my numbers,
Praises of Lalagê, without arms of vantage,
Yet the wolf fled me.
Although he was as grim and huge a monster
As wild Apulia in her masty regions,
Or Mauritanian Juba's arid desert,
Breeds in her lion.
Place me on fields sterility has conquered,
Where not a tree nor shrub wards off the sunshine,
Or where cold winds involve the face of Nature,
Jupiter hostile.

Place me beneath the path of solar splendour,
Where habitations fail in blighted regions,
Yet will I vaunt my fair one, sweetly smiling,
Sweetly discoursing.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE AT SIXTEEN.

CHLOE, you shun me like a fawn affrighted,
Lost by its mother and with senses blighted,
Trembling over, all afraid
To pursue the devious glade.
For there the branches twitch, and leaves are sighing,
And the green lizard from the bank is prying,
Sight and sound combine to freeze
Your trembling heart and sinking knees.
There is no cause, sweet Chloe, so to shun me,
I am no tiger, even if I won thee,
But 'tis time to leave your mother,
And, dear Chloe, love another.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGILIUS.

Who shall set bounds to grief, or limit sorrow,
For one so dear departed? Melpomene,
To whom great Jove deutes the lyre and song,
Teach me a mournful verse.

Ah! wherefore to perpetual sleep consigned
Is he, to whom was given, past parallel,
With Modesty and her twin-sister Justice,
Faith uncorrupted and Integrity?

How many good men have bewailed thy fate!
Who, more than thee, O Virgil! Thou, alas!
With useless piety Quintilius seekest
From Death, inflexible to human prayer.

What though more sweetly than the Thracian bard
Thou knowest to modulate thy verse to song,
Not thus can we re-animate the dust
Whose spirit, Mercury's compelling rod
Has chased beyond the confines of the world.
Inexorable he, to human prayer.
'Tis hard. But bear, nor murmur at your lot,
The humbled spirit softens human pain.

ODE XXVI.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

FRIEND of the Muses, all fears and all sorrow
I cast in the Cretican sea,
To be sunk by the winds, or to-day or to-morrow;
And it is the same thing to me
What tyrant is ruling in dread Arctic regions,
Or puts Tiridates in fear.
Pimpleia,* from borders of fountains bring legions
Of blossoms of sunniest cheer;

* A Muse; so called from their haunt on the Pimpla mountain.

And weave for my Lania chaplets the brightest,
For no glory without thee we win.
But with Lesbian lyre, in which thou delightest,
Do thou and thy sisters begin.

ODE XXVIII.

TO ARCHYTAS THE GEOMETRICIAN, SHIPWRECKED
AND UNSEPULCHRED.

GEOMETRICIAN of the sea and land,
Archytas—counting grains
Of sand you lie on, on Matinum's strand
Enduring mortal pains,
For want of some few grains of burial dust ;
Though you explored the lights
Ethereal in your thoughts, lie there you must,
Lacking your funeral rites.

The ghost replies—

As Tantalus—celestial banqueter,
Tithonus—heaven allied,
As Minos—friend to Jupiter,
Euphorbus—once denied
Entrance to Orcus and its gloomy reign,—
Although he twice essayed
A life on earth, and knew his shield again,—
Death's penalty have paid.
Euphorbus truly knew the secret ways
Of Nature and of doom.
One mortal lot attends all flesh, he says,
One path unto the tomb.

The Furies sacrifice on Mars' field,
And sink some in the brine;
The old and young together fall and yield,
None escape Proserpine.
Notus sunk me in seas Illyrican
What time Orion set.
But, messmate, help me now, a shipwrecked man,
Naked, and cold, and wet.
Cast o'er my head and my unburied bones
Three handfuls of this sand,
And so may Eurus, when he makes his moans,
Raid but Venusian lands.
And so may you successful ever be
Whene'er you stem the wave;
May Jupiter, the just, watch over thee,
And Neptune rise to save.
Deny my prayer, your children, too, shall rue,
And sue in turn in vain.
My curses also shall your race pursue,
Nor sacrifice remain.
So, messmate, lend a hand, impatience quell,
Let piety prevail;
Cast earth three times, and thrice pronounce farewell,
Then launch again and sail.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

SAY, Iccius, are you coveting the gold
Of Araby and Ind? Are you so bold

As to meet the Mede on plain,
Or Sabæan kings enchain?
Say, do you covet a barbarian maiden,
Weeping her slain betrothed, with sorrow laden?
Or a boy with perfumed hair,
Princely Persian son and heir,
Instructed by his sire to speed the shaft,
To hand you cups and pour the honied draught?
Who will deny that Tiber now
May backward flow to mountain brow,
When you renounce the academic lore,
And purchased books—inestimable store,
For Iberian coat of mail?
Early promise so to fail!

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

O VENUS, Queen of Paphos and of Cnidus,
Leave the beloved Cyprus, come and guide us,
Come to the fane which Glycera beside us
Built to burn incense;
And bring thy boy—thy wanton boy—to tease us,
And bring the Graces, zones unbound, to please us,
And bring sweet Hebe, beauty to unfreeze us,
And bring Mercurius.

ODE XXXI.

PRAYER TO APOLLO.

PHŒBUS Apollo, what do I demand,
When I implore with patera in hand
 Libating wine? 'Tis not the grain
 Of the rich Sardinian plain.
'Tis not the flocks adust Calabria folds,
'Tis not the gold or ivory India holds,
 'Tis not the meadows fed by urn
 Of Liris, waters taciturn.
Even let him, whose fortune so assigns,
Prune and press grapes of the Calænan vines,
 E'en let the merchant as he please,
 Purchase wines and drink at ease.
Dear to the Gods is he who visits thrice
Yearly, Atlantic seas, for goods of price.
 But, Apollo, grant to me
 Olives, mallows, succory ;
And grant me health of body and of mind,
To eat the native fruits to me assigned.
 Grant me old age, and Phœbus, Ah !
 Deny me not the cithara.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

If ever I, amid soft shades reclining,
Have struck thy chords, some happy theme assigning,
And sung a verse, which, haply, ne'er declining,
 Shall live through ages,

Sound, O my barbitus, a Latin refrain.
A Lesbian and a warrior struck thy first strain;
He, amidst arms, deposed the spear again,
 And moored the vessel,
To chant a lay to Venus and the Muses,
And to the boy, who to quit them refuses,
And unto Lycus, whom his spirit chooses,
 With hair decorous.
O shell of tortoise! grateful to Apollo,
Grateful to Jupiter are the sounds that follow
Banquets celestial, beating care all hollow
 When we chant rightly.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS, dear friend, now cast this grieving over;
What, because Glycera loves a younger lover,
Must you with sonnets lachrymose discover
 That you are slighted?
Cyrus is wooed by the fair-faced Lycoris,
Whilst for Pholoë he, in love, a bore is,
Deer would accept Apulian wolves before his
 Suit be accepted.
Venus indulges in such queer caprices,
Bodies and souls opposed together squeezes;
Mine unto Myrtalis, rough as Adrian breeze is,
 She has conjoined too.

ODE XXXIV.

NEGLECT OF RELIGION FOR PHILOSOPHY.

My days of worship, few and far asunder,
Misled by vain philosophy and blunder;
But now I take another tack,
Reverse the sail, my course retrack.
For Jupiter, who rends the clouds of heaven,
Launched in the blue serene, the flaming levin,
On wings of ether near and far,
Driving the coursers and the car;
And at the thunder earth and floods were riven,
Styx, Tænarus revealed their realms unshriven,
Atlas to his summit peak,
Owned the godhead, and was weak,
Who can abase the proud and raise the lowly,
And from the loftiest summit cast down wholly;
And Fortune with her clarion shrill
Attendant, to perform his will.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

O GODDESS! reigning at Antium, disarming
At thy free will the powers us alarming,
Raising lowest from the dust,
Or the highest lowlier thrust.
Thee, the poor peasant for his crops imploring,
Thee, mistress of the main, with vows adoring,

He who in Bithynian bark
Launches for Carpathian mark.
And Dacian rough, and wandering Scythian races,
Towns, peoples of the warlike Latin places,
Mothers of barbarian kings,
Purple tyrants, dread thy wings,
Lest thou shouldst with thy footstep trample down,
And crush their marble column of renown,
By the arms of mutineers
Casting off their awe and fears.
And ever hard Necessity precedes you,
With brazen chains, and bolts, and bars, she leads you,
She the iron grapples rears,
She the liquid lead too bears.
Hope is attendant, and rare Faith pursuing,
Drest in her vestment, snowy white ensuing,
When in robe of sable state,
You flee mansions of the great.
But the base mob, and concourse meretricious,
Flee from thy presence, dispositions vicious,
As they flee the emptied flask,
Sharing not another's task.
Tend now on Cæsar, against Britain arming,
Bound of the world! with band of warriors swarming,
From the subjugated East
And the Red Sea now released.
Ah me! how wars and wickedness undo us!
Why comes the age of iron back to rue us?
What wickedness have we foregone,
What have our godless youngsters done!

What altars have we spared? what awe avowed?
O Goddess! forge the sword anew—allowed
The tribes of Scythians to restrain,
And Arab hordes on sandy plain.

ODE XXXVI.

TO NUMIDA.

With song let frankincense now burn,
Let the fat calf be slain,
Chant we our Numida's return
Victorious from Spain.
He is returned victorious,
Now he embraces friends,
And Ælius Lamia, glorious
As he, his friend attends.
They meet, and they recall the days
Their boyhood passed of old,
Their pedagogue's remembered ways,
Their toga's virile fold.
Now mark the day in rubric roll,
Let the wine-flask go round,
Let Bassus drain the "welcome" bowl,
Whilst Salians dance and bound;
Let Damalis of rosiest hue
Roses and lilies weave,
And let her twine our brows anew
With parsley's vivid wreath.

Sweet Damalis, the cynosure
Of all surrounding eyes,
Whilst she, despising beauty's lure,
From admiration flies.

ODE XXXVII.

CLEOPATRA'S DEATH.

Now, then, for frolic, now for song and dancing,
Now, then, unsandalled, prance like Salians prancing,
Companions, now from war released,
Let us spread the holy feast.
We in our cellars left the old Sabinan,
Whilst rumour 'gainst the Capitol on high ran
Of the wrath of Egypt's queen,
Irate in her pomp, and seen
Girt with her troops of eunuchs, men debased ;
In her hopes impotent, by Fate too graced ;
But her pride was overturned,
When she saw her vessels burned.
Scarce with a single bark escaped the flame,
And, drunk with Mareotican, the dame
Fled from Cæsar, in her path
Following with a righteous wrath,
As the hawk follows on the pigeon flying,
As the hound follows the fell wolf espying,
To enchain a monster dire,
And restrain pernicious ire.
And yet she sought with nobleness to perish,
Nor with soul feminine cared life to cherish ;

Neither to regain the fleet,
In the reedy, sure retreat.
But when she saw her halls lie desolate,
She, with an eye serene, encountered fate,
Then she sought the serpent's aid,
Subtle poison, undismayed.
And so she fell as she had lived avow'dly,
A despot queen—perchance in death more proudly.
Liburnian galleys she defied,
And Roman triumphs as she died.

ODE XXXVIII.

Boy, I protest, me Persian pomp displeases,
In crown of philyra intertwined no ease is,
And spare to pluck the red rose which the breezes
Spare in the winter.
But bring me myrtle, nothing interposing,
When I quaff wine beneath my porch half-dozing;
Nor indecorous are its wreaths reposing,
Boy, on our foreheads.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

TO POLLIO.

THE civil wars which from Metellus sprung
Discord and crimes, and causes now unsung,
 'The freaks of Fortune, and the State
 Torn by the triumvirate—
And arms that reek unexpiated blood,
Sing, Pollio, sing—the argument, though good,
 Is perilous—o'er cinders tame
 We tread above volcanic flame.
Resign awhile the tragic Muse, to sing
The nobler theme of Roman suffering;
 Then the buskin reassume,
 Grecian fires reallume—
Refuge of the unhappy at the bar,
Grace of the Senate, Consul popular,
 Graced with never-dying bays
 For Dalmatian victories.
Now do I hear the trumpet's beaming sound,
Now the shrill horns and clarions rebound,
 Now I see the helm and shield,
 Horse and horseman prance afield.
Now I behold the mighty leaders foiled,
With dust not indecorous they are soiled.

All is lost from pole to pole,
All save Cato's dauntless soul.
Juno and gods, who love realms African,
With useless aid to them, strive all they can;
Scipios twain—to soothe the shade
Of Jugurtha—we have paid.
Ah me! what land is free from Roman gore?
What fields, what sepulchres, what foreign shore?
Parthians have heard the moans
Of Hesperia's bleeding groans.
What gulf marine, or what barbarian flood,
What sea, is not discoloured with our blood?
Where the shore, I ask again,
Which our blood does not distain?
O Muse, resume our Dionæan cave,
And then deposing subjects sad and grave,
Elegiacs Cean leave
Softer subject song to weave.

ODE II.

TO SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS.

No silver ore imbedded in the earth
Shines with the lustre of Vulcanic birth;
'Tis worthy use, which polishes its dearth,
Sallustius Crispus!
So Proculæus has won endless fame,
Bounty paternal to his spirit came,
He with his brothers shared his wealth—his name
Since then immortal.

For to be lord of one's own will and action,
Gives to the secret soul more satisfaction
Than to join Spain and Libya in one paction,
Cadiz and Carthage.

Not as the patient, to his thirst indulgent,
Drinks in the dropsy, following his dull bent,
But drinks in poison, in lieu of emulgent,
Increasing languor.

Virtue austere, sees through the vulgar looming,
She from her list erases the presuming ;
She strikes Phraates from her list, resuming
The throne of Cyrus.

Virtue austere reforms the mob's devotion,
Laurels and empire, diadems, such potion
Granting to him who views without emotion
The heap of silver.

ODE III.

TO DELIUS.

MAY it be thine, an equal mind preserving,
Ne'er to succumb to Fortune undeserving,
Nor, Delius, about to die,
Puffed be by prosperity.

Whether thy days have all been sadly flowing,
Or whether, where the shades their balm bestowing,
Placed thy lot on herbage fine,
Quaffing sealed Falernian wine.

Where poplars pale and pine trees intertwining,
Hallow the spot to mirth and joy inclining,
 Where the bubbling rivulet
 Sparkles in its oblique jet.
Thither bring wine, the unguents, and the flowers,
Bring summer roses living briefest hours,
 Ere Fortune and the sisters three
 Twining black thread disagree.
All thy possessions beside Tiber's river
Thou must resign, nor canst thou be their giver.
 They unto thy heir must fall,
 Villa, sacred grove, and all.
Whether thou be from Inachus descended,
Or rich or poor, or graced, or unbefriended,
 Or from gods derived your birth,
 Orcus spares no son of earth.
All to one bourn are exiled and for ever,
Enter the boat and pass the river, never
 O silent spirit to return,
 But for trial by the urn.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

AND art thou then enchanted by thy maid,
My Xanthias Phoceus! that is nothing new;
The beautiful Briseïs captive made
The terrible Achilles with her hue;

Tecmessa won great Ajax Telamon
The lovely captive of his warrior spear ;
Atrides burned amidst the conquest won
For his allotted spoil, Cassandra fair.
Thou canst not tell but the sweet Phyllis claims,
Coursing within her veins the purest blood
From kings descended, and from noblest dames,
Possessors once perhaps of field and flood ;
For never yet did form so perfect spring
From haunts where vice and villany abide,
And never shalt thou blush acknowledging
The mother of such maiden and thy bride.

ODE V.

GIRLHOOD.

SWEET Phyllis is too young to bear the yoke ;
She wanders like the heifer in the field,
She roams in maiden freedom ; and unbroke,
Is in no mood unto a lord to yield.
She loiters by the gushing fountain side,
She hides amidst the willows from the sun,
Amidst the herd she prattles in her pride ;
She is the "grape unripe" not to be won.
But suns autumnal ripen, at which tide
Her beaming eye to thee may condescend ;
Old time may then assign her for a bride.
Await, my friend, and for old time attend.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, thou wouldst not refuse to go
To Cadiz with me, meet the Iberian foe,
Nor cross the dreadful Syrtes, with its flow
Of fearful waters.

Tibur ! by earliest Argives colonized,
Spot of the earth by me most highly prized,
May my old age by thee be undespised,
Wearied of slaughters.

But if the Fates prohibit it be so,
To the Galesus river I will go,
Under the rule of, once, but long ago,
Spartan Phalantus.

That little angle of the earth to me
Has charms surpassing; the Hymettan bee
Beats not its honey, nor th' Athenian tree
Olives Venafran.

There Springs are longest ; Jupiter sends breezes.
Beneath his will the wintry flaw unfreezes,
And our Mount Aulon Bacchus likewise pleases,
As grapes Falernian.

That is the spot where quietude attending,
Midst the fair summits of the mountains blending,
There might my ashes catch the tear descending
Of my Septimius.

ODE VII.

TO VARUS POMPEIUS.

VARUS POMPEIUS, comrade very dear,
When Brutus was commander ; art thou here
 To our Italian skies restored ?
 Oft have we shared the festive board
In glorious youth, oft-times together dined,
With Syrian unguents, and with brows entwined ;
 And in idlesse passed away
 The best part of a summer day.
I was with you upon Philippi's field,
Where I was first to fly, to leave my shield—
 I could not help it—when the strong
 In the dust were strewed along.
Me, Mercury befriended ; in thick dust
He bore me off through air : but you were thrust,
 Dear friend, by some fierce billow's might
 Back into the headstrong fight.
Now pay to Jupiter the promised feast,
Come to my laurels, and from war released,
 Come now, and depose the spear ;
 Goblets shall the onslaught bear.
With Massican let goblets overflow,
From shell capacious let the incense glow.
 Say, what wreath shall we entwine,
 The parsley, or the ivy bine,
Or the sweet myrtle Venus loves ? And who
Shall be the ruler, and give out the cue ?
 I can like a Thracian rave,
 When 'tis impious to be grave.

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS. AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

STORMS do not ever rave, and rains have end ;
The tempest does not constantly descend ;
 Neither do rough Caspian seas
 Ever rage, nor ever freeze,—
Valgius, dear friend, peaks of Armenian hills ;
Garganus calms his oaks and mountain rills
 From Aquilon, nor overwhelms
 Eternally his leafless elms.
But you eternally bewail your son
Mystes, of early youth ; the setting sun
 And Lucifer, arising, view,
 Your never ending griefs renew.
Nestor did not through ages three he lived,
Weep for Antilochus, whom he survived.
 The Phrygian sisters did not thus
 Ever wail for Troilus.
Cease, then, my friend, to nourish useless grief ;
Resume the lyre, and find in song relief ;
 Conquests by our Cæsar won.
 Niphates and the Medus run,
With humbled pride, and with inferior stream,
Nor rave along in their presumptuous dream.
 And the Scythian wattled wains
 Circle upon narrowed plains.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS.

An equal Soul in bad fortune praised.

- If you the narrow path of right would keep,
Licinius, you must fear to tempt the deep ;
Neither from dread of the fell tempest's sweep
 Hug on a lee shore.
Who in the golden medium will roam,
Is safe from poverty and sordid home ;
Nor will the palace and the soaring dome
 Rouse up his envy.
The lofty pines are first by tempests rended ;
The turrets high in deeper ruin blended ;
The peaks of mountains as if unbefriended,
 Shattered by lightning.
It is adversity that tries man's spirit,
Nor will prosperity that man discredit ;
Even as Jove sends winter with demerit,
 And he recalls it.
Sorrow at night, joy will return with morning.
Apollo will depose the bow of warning,
And with the golden lyre himself adorning,
 Awake the Muses.
Be bold, when Fortune adversely assails,
And when the waves curl beneath favoring gales,
Seize on the moment ; but unfurl not sails
 More than is reason.
-

ODE XIII.

ON HIS ESCAPE FROM A FALLING TREE.

Who ever planted thee, unlucky tree !
It was on day debarred the suitor's plea,
 And with a sacrilegious hand :
 Bane of time and place to stand.
I could believe that man would cut a throat,
His father's, or his guest's, and take no note,
 In the sacred hour of sleep ;
 Or the Colchian venom steep,
Or any other daring, hateful crime.
Dog of a stump ! to try at such a time
 When I was visiting my farm,
 To work your lord and master harm.
For no one lives eternally prepared
'Gainst deeds like this. The mariner is scared
 Passing the Bosphorus. On placid seas
 With calm soul he takes his ease.
The soldier fears the Parthian on the plain,
The Parthian dreads the Roman iron chain,
 But Death will catch him unawares,
 When least he dreads, and least he fears.
And what a close escape was this of mine,
From Æacus and from sable Proserpine.
 I nearly visited the seats
 Of the departed just—retreats
Where Sappho sings to her Æolian lyre,
And where Alcæus strikes his note of fire :

One of love and Lesbian girls,
One of war—the flag unfurls,
Whilst round them silent shades are crowding near,
Awarding praises and impressed to hear
Of the battles fought of yore,
Tyrants and historic lore.
What marvel? When the hundred-headed brute
Dropped his black ears to listen—wonder-mute,
When the Furies' snakes unwound,
Recreating in the sound.
And so Prometheus and Pelops' sire
Forgot their woes when listening to that lyre,
And Orion ceased to slay
Lion or the lynx that day.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

POSTUMUS, Postumus, how do the rushing years
Pass by, alas! nor all our hopes and fears,
Nor deeds of virtue done, may stay
Old age and death upon their way.
No, nor three hecatombs of bulls will bribe
Inexorable Pluto—daily for each tribe—
Who holds triple Geryon
In three folds—and Tityus on—
Banks of infernal Styx, which all must pass,
Kings and the lowly peasants in one mass,

Those who daintily are fed,
Those who eat their scanty bread.
And it is vain absenting us to save
From cruel war or Adria's roughest wave,
Or from Autumn's hurtful gales,
When the baneful South prevails ;
For all must pass the black and languid flood,
Cocytus, with its ghosts, a hateful brood,
Such as the curst Danaïdes
And Sisyphus Æolides.
Lands, house, and home, and pleasing wife,
And trees your hands have planted—all with life
Are left—save cypresses abhorred
To attend upon their lord.
A worthier heir shall quaff the Cæcuban
Guarded with hundred locks ; another man
Shall tinge the pavement with the stains
Of wine, rich as the Pontiff drains.

ODE XV.

SPREAD OF LUXURY.

Soon regal luxury will not allow
The little farmer's acre and a plough,
And dammed up surface-waters take
Expanse wide as Lucrine lake.
The unwed plane ejects the married elm,
And beds of violets and myrtles whelm,
Lands where fruitful olives bore
Riches to their master's store.

And laurel groves must fence us from the sun.
It was not thus that Romulus begun—
 And Cato the unshorn, to rule
 Romans of the early school.
The private holdings of those days were small,
And great the revenue when paid by all,
 Until the ten-feet portico
 Grew to include all winds that blow.
The law then bade us build and roof with sods,
The law reserved the metal for the gods,
 And temples and the fanes alone
 Constructed were of quarried stone.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

BENIGNANT deities addressed,
The wandering seaman prays for rest,
When clouds o'er the Ægæan pressed
 Obscure the stars and moon.
For rest, the Thracian in the fight,
For rest, the Mede with quiver dight ;
Grosphus, nor gold, nor purple bright,
 Nor gems assure such boon.
Nor riches, nor the pomp of state,
Nor regal power can reinstate
The mind with envy fraught or hate,
 Though 'neath a marble dome.

Whilst he lives well with little hoard,
Whose father's salts shine on his board,
To him the flying hours afford

Sleep in a humble home.

With life so short, why wilt thou pour
Trouble upon thy fleeting store?

Why seek in torrid climes for more

Than suns at home diffuse?

Care climbs the vessel's brazen prow,

Sits on the horseman's saddle-bow,

Swifter than gusts of Boreas blow

Thy footsteps Care pursues.

Joy in the present, take no thought

Unto the morrow—life's dull drought

Temper with smiles—for wholly nought,

Oh! nought is wholly blest.

Achilles—Death ensnared away,

Tithonus lives, of life the prey.

Withheld from thee—this moment may

Grant me the boon of rest.

Abroad, for thee, Sicilian skies,

Unnumbered flocks, Getulian dyes;

At home, for thee, the chariot flies

By neighing jennets whirled—

Whilst I with narrow fields inherit

The Grecian Muses' gentle spirit

Which equal Fates bestowed, and with it

A soul above the world.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS SICK.

WHY do you slay me with those weary moans,
Mæcenas ! grace and glory, why such groans,
 The gods will not, nor more will I,
 That you before myself should die.
Half of your soul I hold within mine own,
Nor can the half subsist itself alone ;
 How exist with half a soul ?
 Either none, or else the whole.
No, the same day shall bear us both away,
Have I not sworn it duly, and I say
 Again, again, that I will go
 Your companion down below.
Nor shall Chimæra's spiritual flame,
Nor Gyas with his hundred-handed frame,
 Separate, whom Justice and
 Willing Fates do not withstand.
Whether beneath the Balance I was born,
Or Scorpio, hostile star, or Capricorn,
 Tyrant of the western seas,
 Shone o'er my nativities,
Assuredly our stars roam in accord.
The thundering Jove will unto you afford
 Aid against hot Saturn's wrath,
 And arrest death in the path,
And Roman people shall the voice upraise,
And theatres resound the cry of praise ;

For a falling trunk of tree
But for Faunus had slain me ;
Yes, Faunus guarded me as Mercury's son.
Come, my Mæcenas, and this sickness done,
Slay victims, build the votive fane,
My humble lamb shall die again.

ODE XVIII.

MEDIOCRITY OF FORTUNE PRAISED.

NEITHER gold nor ivory
Glitter in my house and home,
Beams Hymettan, porphyry,
Do not form its humble dome.
Neither am I unknown heir
Of some house of ancient rule,
Nor do suitor-crowds appear
Wearing palls of purple wool.
But I own a lyre and vein
Of ingenuous poesy,
And the rich and great are fain
Therewith to enchanted be.
With these I contented live
Happy on my Sabine farm,
Nor desire gods to give
More than may Mæcenas charm.
New moons hurry to their wane ;
One day on another's doom
Treads so quickly—and you fain
To build—forgetful of your tomb.

You encroach upon the main
Where the mole at Baiæ grows,
Ocean's water to restrain,
And a circuit to enclose.
And in avaricious rage
You encroach upon the bounds
Of your client's heritage,
And invade your neighbour's grounds;
Husband, wife, and helpless child,
And their household gods, must be
Driven forth into the wild
To enlarge a spot for thee.
Yet there is no spot assured
Unto man save Ocean fields,
There a mansion is secured
Which to poor and rich it yields.
Charon is not to be won
By Prometheus, nor by gold;
Tantalus, his glories done,
He retains in Stygian fold;
But he ever ready stands,
Whether well invoked or not,
To relieve the pauper bands,
And to ameliorate their lot.

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

LEND me your ears descendants yet unborn,
I sing of Bacchus, to the desert borne,

Nymphs and pricked-eared Satyrs round
Hearing the enchanting sound.
Evæ ! my heart still palpitates with awe,
And full of Bacchus is the breath I draw ;
By that thyrsus, you uprear
Evæ, spare me, Liber ! spare.
I have the right of Thyades to sing,
Of ruddy jets of wine, of milky spring,
And of honeycomb of bees
Bursting from the clefts of trees.
And I will sing of Ariadne's crown,
Of Pentheus, of his ruin and renown ;
Of Lycurgus, smitten blind,
Of the conquered realms of Ind,
Rivers and seas, and in the hills of Thrace
The Bacchant locks entwined upon the face
Where the twisted serpents rear
Crests devoid of fraud or fear.
And when the cohorts of the giants scaled
Your father's throne celestial, you availed
In a lion's form to smite
Rhæcus with your claws of might.
They deemed you fitted best for dance and song
To lead the choir of bacchant dames along,
But they discovered that you are
Potent both in peace and war.
Thee Cerberus respected—in descent
Resplendent with thy golden horns—he spent
His rage in crouching at thy feet
No triple tongue barred thy retreat.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

BORNE upon wings, before to me unknown,
Through realms of ether fearless have I flown ;
Conqueror of envy, I
From terrestrial dwellings fly.
Though I am sprung of pauper parentage
I shall not fade, nor disappear with age ;
With names conjoined—Mæcenæ dear !
We shall scout the Stygian mere.
I see myself in metamorphosed guise
Feathered in body—roaming through the skies,
Plumes my arms and fingers on,
I am changed to a white swan.
Swift as Dædalian Icarus, I soar
Over the shores of Bosphorus, and o'er
Getulian Syrtes, and far plains,
Hyperborean hear my strains.
Colchus, and Dacians who deny to fear
The Marsian cohorts and the Roman spear—
The Gelon rude, Iberian fine,
And the dwellers on the Rhine !
Sing not for me the dirge or funeral strain,
I do not perish—tears and plaints are vain ;
Nor superfluous costs incur,
Build me not a sepulchre.

BOOK III.



ODE I.

PRAISE OF MEDIOCRITY.

I HATE the mob of parasites, and flee :
Now listen girls and boys—I sing to ye ;
 I, chosen of the Muses seer,
 Weave a new chant for your ear.
For unto kings good subjects should defer,
As kings themselves defer to Jupiter,
 Who upon the giants trod,
 And controls all with a nod.
If on the Campus one should lay a claim,
From lands and forests, for ennobled name ;
 If another founds his worth,
 On the ground of better birth ;
Or if another boasts his troops of friends,
What doth it profit, Death alike descends,
 Necessity together draws,
 High and low by equal laws.
Have feasts Sicilian pleasures for his tongue,
Over whose head the impious sword is slung,
 Or will chant of birds or lyres,
 Bring the slumber he desires ?
Slumber, sweet slumber, which the fields afford,
Which to the lowliest, the low roofs accord,

By the river's bank, or by
Tempe, where the zephyrs die.
He who with lowly lot is satisfied
Is not affrighted by the raging tide,
When Arcturus quits the skies,
Or Auriga's kids arise.
He does not fear the hail upon his field,
Nor dread of crops an insufficient yield,
Nor the rivers' overflow,
Nor Sirius, nor winter snow.
Although the deep deploras a lost domain
As the huge mole advances in the main;
Man, fastidious in his might,
Every day resumes the fight,
With servants, labourers, and building stuff,
Where Fear, and Care, and Terror climb the bluff,
Sit upon the trireme's prow,
Mount behind the saddle-bow.
If it be true that Phrygian marble stone
And purple, than the stars, of brighter tone,
Nor wines Falernian, incense pure
Assyrian, can the megrims cure,
Why should I build me an outrageous dome,
To raise men's envy? Hail! my humble home,
I will not change my Sabine farm
For riches—which would work me harm.

ODE II.

IN FAVOUR OF TOIL AND DISCIPLINE.

My boys—the discipline and toils of war,
Will multiply your narrow means, nor bar
Your onslaught on the Parthians' rear,
Fleeing from the Roman spear.
Life in the open air will fortify
And nerve your arms and hearts; and cause the sigh
To swell the tyrant matron's breast,
And adult maiden's fears expressed,—
“Save, save ye gods my lover from the spear,
And guard him from that lion's dread career;
He—he a novice in the field,
Guard him under spear and shield.”
Sweet and decorous is the lot, to die
For one's own native land; who fearful fly
Death will follow in the track,
And will smite the timid back.
The martial soul ignores retreat and flight,
And shines unspotted in its fulgent light;
The axe assumed is not thrown by
At the fickle people's cry.
For it seeks skies and immortality,
Despising obstacles that bar the way,
It soars aloft, and scorns the dearth
Of the clods and ponds of earth.
That tongue too, which is reticent, is wise,
I would not stay beneath the roof nor skies

With one who to another's eyes,
Divulges Ceres' mysteries.
For Jupiter will oftentimes condemn
The innocent, with those who him contemn;
And Vengeance, though clubfooted, makes
Examples, when she overtakes.

ODE III.

Just and tenacious in his views of right,
No civic ferment, no tyrannic might,
Nor raging Adriatic sea
Shakes that man's firm constancy.
Nor thunderbolt, from Jupiter's own hand.
He self-collected and resolved would stand
Though the ruins of the spheres,
Hurtled round about his ears.
Pollux and Hercules, for worth like this
Attained on starry seats celestial bliss;
And Augustus, them between,
Drinking nectar couched is seen.
It was by this our father Bacchus claimed
His guerdon, drawn in car by tigers tamed.
By this, Quirinus fled afar
From Acheron, in Mars' car;
When Juno fraught with eloquence addressed
The gods assembled and with heaving breast:—
“Oh, Ilion! Ilion! overthrown,
A false judgment to atone;

Paris and Helen sunk you in the dust.
Laomedon, before, with voice unjust,
 Now mine and chaste Minerva's wrong,
 Were the causes deep and strong.
Now the Lacænan woman cannot boast—
Nor her abductor Paris, nor her host
 Priam—Hector his great son
 By perjury, and Greeks undone.
That war prolonged by our disputes hath end,
So hath my wrath ; to Mars I condescend,
 And remit my wrath upon
 Trojan Ilia and her son.
I am contented he should take his seat
With us on high, and in a blest retreat
 Quaff our nectar, and attain
 Glories of our azure reign.
So long as raging seas shall separate
Ilion and Rome, I am content that Fate
 Shall reverse the exiles' doom,
 Provided Priam's—Paris' tomb
Be trodden down by herds, and be the den
Of cubs of wolves, nor habited by men ;
 Let Rome's Capitol attain
 Glory and triumphant reign :
And quell the Mede and mundane rule extend
Beyond the seas, unto earth's utmost end,
 Past the European lands,
 Where Nile irrigates his sands.
And gold contemning, better than its birth
Is its concealment in the womb of earth,

Than to drag it thence for use,
Which with mortals is abuse.
When on earth's furthest bounds, confusion reigns,
Then let Rome send her cohorts to those plains,
To the realms of solar heat,
And where winter holds his seat.
I will consent to Roman destinies,
Upon condition that she never tries,
With pious wishes, to rebuild
Walls of Troy—with fates fulfilled.
Troy rising from her ashes would repeat,
Her dismal fortunes and twice raided seat.
I, myself, should head the strife,
I, of Jove—sister and wife.
If Phoebus for the third time should essay
To build her brazen ramparts—I, I say,
Will thrice impel the Greek to raid
Man and matron, boy and maid.”
Hush, hush ; this subject does not suit my lyre,
Whither O Muse, whither dost thou aspire ?
When gods debate of right and wrong,
Silenced is the humble song.

ODE IV.

SAFETY UNDER THE MUSES' CARE.

DESCEND from heaven above, descend and bring
O Queen Calliope—your pipes and sing—

Whether with your simple voice,
Or Phœbean chords your choice.
Hush! do we hear the strain, or do I dream?
Is this a reverie? the running stream,
The murmuring leaves I hear, afraid
Haunt of the Muses I invade.
For as I slept, in boyhood, on the bounds
Of Vultur's mount and legendary grounds,
Wearied with play, doves covered me
With fresh leaves plucked from the tree.
A fact astounding unto those who dwell,
On Acherontia's peak and Bantian dell;
And upon the grassy grounds,
Where Ferentum holds her bounds.
A sleeping boy, who covered over lay
Beneath fresh boughs of myrtle and of bay;
Safe from viper and from bear,
Under tutelary care!
O sacred sisters, I am yours, am yours,
On Sabine mounts, soft zephyred Baiæ's shores,
On cold Præneste's summit, or
Where Tibur's summits gently soar;
O sacred band of sisters, I am thine;
Did ye not save me from the falling pine;
From Philippi's fatal plain;
From Palinurus—rock and main.
O sacred Muses—guarded, tended thus
I will not fear the raging Bosphorus;
I will not fear the arid sands,
Voyaging Assyrian lands.

Nor Britain's, unto strangers, savage brood,
Nor quaffing horses' blood, Sarmatians rude,
Nor the Gelons' quivered bands
Nor the Scythian icy strands,
O, mightiest Caesar, now the wars are done,
And wearied cohorts rest on glories won,
Rest yourself from labours grave,
In the calm Pierian cave.
And peaceful counsels unto us accord
For you of peaceful counsels are the lord;
We know how the Titan brood
Fell, when they in pride withstood,
The laws of God; whose equal laws sustain
The land, the sea, the cities, and the reign
Of the pallid ghosts below;
Gods and mortals own and know.
Typhoëus, Mimas, and Porphyryon,
They would Olympus pile on Pelion,
And Rhœcus, and Enceladus
They assailing high heaven thus
Fell to the gods. What did their might avail
'Gainst Jove, 'gainst Pallas, with her ægis pale,
Vulcan, fiercer than his flame,
And Juno, most majestic dame,
And him, who bathes in the Castalian wave
His golden locks; unto whom Lycia gave
Her groves; Apollo the divine,
Of Delian, Patarean shrine?
Brute force, unaided by intelligence,
Destroys itself; the moral gives defence,

Justice and deities approve,
And aid the moral force they love.
Bear witness, Gyas, of the hundred hands ;
Witness Orion. Earth astounded stands,
And grieves for monsters overthrown,
By thunder cast to Orcus down.
Yet did the flame the soaring Ætna spare ;
And Tityus surviving, vultures tear ;
And Pirithous now sustains
Restraint, beneath three hundred chains.

ODE V.

PRAISE OF AUGUSTUS, DISPRAISE OF CRASSUS, PRAISE
OF REGULUS.

THE thundering Jove, we know above to reign,
We know divine Augustus to sustain,
Imperial rule below, who bound
Britain and Persia to our mound.
Have not the soldiers of the broken host
Of Crassus—so to shame and country lost
Wedded with dames barbarian ? say,
Senate of that corrupted day !
And Marsian and Appulian cast their lot
Beneath the Mede, with name and shield forgot,
And toga, and our Vesta's dome
And Jupiter defending Rome ?
The prescient soul of Regulus foresaw
Conditions shameful, future times might draw

From such example, and denied
Impunity, with patriot pride,
Raising his voice against the recreant bands.
“I have seen the Roman standards in the hands,
Of our foes—eternal stain,
Gracing a Phœnician fane.
I saw the Roman legion cast away
Their spears, without a drop of blood, or fray,
I saw them march in broken track,
Elbows bound behind the back.
The gates are open, and the fields they hold.
Think you your legions if redeemed with gold
Will braver be—alive to shame?
You but add loss of gold to fame.
Wool that is tainted black cannot be bleached,
Nor can the soul debased in grain be reached;
Virtue banished from such soul,
O'er it hath no more control.
Will the stag fight, from meshes freed, or fly?
Neither will he, the soldier, whom ye buy
With ransom from captivity
He chose with bonds, who feared to die.
He who could speak of peace on battle-field,
And craven for his worthless life, could yield.
O Carthage, Carthage, thou art grown
Great o'er Italy overthrown.”
And it is said he passed out and denied
Farewell to wife or child; with wounded pride,
As one degraded of his worth
He passed along with eyes on earth.

By his example was the senate swayed,
Their vacillation ceased; and so he made
 His way to exile and to death,
 Ranks between of sobbing breath.
For though he knew the torture and the fate
Awaiting him at Carthage, through the gate,
 He strode with self-collected mien,
 The ranks of Roman men between.
Calm as the client who, his business o'er
In court of pleas, runs to some sunny shore,
 Or to Venafrum's meadow land,
 Or to Tarentum's Spartan strand.

ODE VI.

WANT OF REVERENCE.

ROMANS, the vices of your ancestry
Are visited on you—behold where lie
 The temples of your gods in gloom,
 Their images all foul with fume.
It was your recognition of their right
Made you on earth preeminent in might;
 Forgetfulness of them has cast
 Hesperia down in ruin vast.
The Parthians, Pacorus, and Monæs, they
Have foiled our legions twice and taken prey;
 Their twisted torques no longer rolled
 In a meagre wire of gold.

The Dacian and the Ethiopian failed
To harm us, whilst sedition here prevailed ;
 Fierce by fleets upon the main,
 Fierce by shafts upon the plain.
Debasement of the marriage-bed the cause
Defiled the nuptial couch and nuptial laws ;
 Private vengeance, private hate,
 Cast their scowl on power and state.
Not from base parentage arose the brood
Who tinged the seas with Carthaginian blood,
 Who conquered Pyrrhus, by whom fell
 Antiochus and Hannibal ;
Those rustic warriors dug the stubborn soil,
Felled oaks and faggots in their daily toil,
 And when mountain-shadows broke,
 Released the oxen from the yoke.
Time, flitting time, doth in his course debase
Both man and thing—of men the present race
 From their brave ancestry decline,
 So thy children will from thine.

ODE VIII.

WHY an old bachelor like me should keep
Calends of March, Mæcenæ, and why heap
Fresh blossoms, and bring frankincense to steep
 The turfy altar,
Will puzzle you in Latin and in Greek.
Truly a tree, that tumbled with a creak ;
Now with white kid, to Liber vowed, I seek
 To make thanksgiving.

This is the anniversary.* To-day
I break the bark and pitch which overlay
My amphoræ, whose age counts from the sway
Of Tullus, Consul.
Drink, drink Mæcenas, drink the cellar dry
In memory of my escape. The sky
Shall darken and Aurora rise on high
On us rejoicing.
Hence, wrath and clamour, hence all civic cares,
Now Cotison is beaten—hang despairs,
Let Medes, Cantabrians, and rough Scythian bears
Go to the devil;
And lay, Mæcenas, all your troubles by.
You seek no honours, wherefore then and why
Should you not rest from toil as well as I?
Come and be joyful.

ODE IX.

DIALOGUE. HORACE AND LYDIA.

HOR. So long as I was pleasing to you,
Before another youth might fling
His arms around thy neck to sue you,
I happier was than Persia's king.
LYD. So long as you were faithful to me
And before Chloë, Lydia came,
Her name had immortality
Before the Roman Ilia's claim.

* No doubt the Idæan mother's pine was offended by Cœlebs (Horace) withdrawing from the feast of Matrons, held on the Calends of March.

- HOR. The Cretan Chloë claims me now
 With voice and cithara most rare ;
 Gladly my soul to Fate would bow,
 If Fates would that sweet damsel spare.
- LYD. The torch has lighted mutual fires
 In me and Thurian Calaïs,
 And twice in death would I expire .
 If Fate would spare one day of his.
- HOR. What if the old flame should revive
 And bind us with its brazen chain,
 And from my heart should Chloë drive
 And Lydia enter in again ?
- LYD. Though he be brighter than a star,
 Thou lighter than a willow wand,
 Not Adria's waves our path should bar
 Through life and death, thus hand in hand.
-

ODE XIII.

TO THE BLANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

FOUNTAIN Blandusian, purer than glass can be,
Worthy the wine and the flowers we offer thee,
 To-morrow I will hither lead,
 Garlanded, a kid to bleed ;
With his incipient horns just appearing,
Destined to amorous frolic and daring,
 Vainly so, his ruby blood
 Shed, shall tinge thy silvery flood.

Raging Canicula cannot touch this sweet seat,
It will a refuge be, and a secure retreat,
 Where wearied ox or roaming sheep
 May repose in slumbers deep.
Fountain Blandusian, I, too, thy bard will be,
Safe in thy sacred cleft, stretched 'neath the ilex tree,
 There to celebrate and sing
 Thy babbling waves and virgin spring.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

O ROMAN tribes, now Cæsar has returned,
A conqueror from Spain—Spain, where he burned
 To win, with peril, laurel bays,
 At home his sacrifice now pays.
Now let his wife, rejoicing in her lord,
Invoke the gods of the domestic board ;
 Now let the sister of the chief,
 Let the matrons, freed from grief,
Their sons returned, and let their daughters stand
Decorous in their fillets ; the orphan band
 Of boys and maidens, widowed dames,
 Hold their peace before those flames.
To me to-day brings pleasure unalloyed ;
Whilst Cæsar rules the world, no peace destroyed
 By murder or seditious strife,
 Intermingles with my life.
Boy, bring the frankincense and floral crown,
Bring me a flask of wine, which we laid down

When the Marsian war was won,
If Spartacus has left us one.
And bid Næra come with song and beauty,
Locks myrrhed and knotted for the sacred duty ;
Should the porter raise a fray,
Heed him not, but come away.
Bleached are my locks, nor is my spirit boiling,
Quietude now the love of quarrels foiling,
I had broken once his pate
Under Plancus' consulate.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

IN brazen tower was Danaë enclosed,
And watch-dogs and the iron gate opposed
The virgin from the lovers' suit
By the help of bars and brute.
But Jupiter and Venus laughed to scorn
The craft Acrisian ; and the dame forlorn,
Invaded was in brazen hold,
By the god and stronger gold.
Ah ! gold breaks through the guards of strongest might
Like the dread thunder and the levin light ;
The Argive prophet, as 'tis told,
Amphiaraus fell to gold.
The Macedonian broke all barriers down
And conquered by his gold chiefs of renown ;
And the love of gold deters
Ferocity in mariners.

But with our riches cares and wants increase,
And I have feared to break my pauper peace ;

O, Mæcenās ! whose delight
Centres in thy rank of knight.

And surely does it follow, gods supply
Blessings the more, the more we self deny.

Naked let me seek the door
Of the self-denying poor.

Far richer in contempt of greed and gain
Than if my barns Appulian burst with grain,

Lord of great barns, indeed of much
I have no desire to touch.

Ah ! the pure rivulet, the rood of wood
And corn land, all mine own, by title good,

Makes me a far happier man
Than rich possessions African.

Though I lack honey of Calabria's bee,
And though I lack the Formian amphoræ,

Though I have no fleece of Gaul
Precious in the purple pall.

Yet poverty is absent, and if want
Pressed heavily on me, your hand would grant

What I had need of. Still will I
Hug me, in richer penury,

Than if I held the Alyattan lands.

Who seeks for more possesses empty hands ;
The gods who know what suits us best

Grant us enough to make us blest.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS, whose ancestry is traced
From the noble Lamians—graced
In our Fasti: thence you win
Name alike and origin.
From him who founded Formia; walls
Washed by Liris as he falls
Wending onward to the main
By Marica's fair domain.
To-morrow, winds from east and north
Puffing vapours will set forth;
And if raven—long-lived, know,
Strew with leaves the plain below.
Whilst leisure serves then pile the wood;
Soothe your genius to good mood,
Broach wine—two-month porker slay—
And give slaves a holyday.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

FAUNUS! of fleeing nymphs the lover,
When by my farm and fields a rover,
To my flocks and herds discover
A placid temper.

Then at thy feast my kid be offered,
Messmate of Venus, then be proffered,
To thee—goblets, wine uncoffered—
With altar incense.

Oft as December's nones returning,
Flocks and herds for meadows yearning,
They shall join the feast—man burning
For recreation.

*Wolves shall tramp 'midst fearless lambs ;
Groves depose their leaves ; from dams
Ditchers leaping on sturdy hams
Earth three times smiting.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

ALL the history between
Inachus and Codrus—who
Died for Athens—soul serene—
You have learned and written too.
And the race of Æacus,
Sacred Troy and slaughtered hosts ;
But you know not, Telephus,
What a flask of Chian costs,
Who boils the water, heats the house,
Closes the shutters, late or soon.
Here, boy ! fill, and let's carouse,
A bumper first to the new moon.

* Qy. a metaphor—signifying men and women ; no sense can be made of the literal text. The whole ode, like the semigod Faunus, is obscure and far-fetched.

A bumper two to midnight deep,
A bumper three unto the seer
Murena. Thrice the revel keep,
Or nine times, and never fear.
Who love the Muses nine, will love
That larger number, odd, of cups ;
Who love the Graces, disapprove
Of more than three successive sups ;
Those naked sisters hate a row,
But we who love to drink and fire,
Love Berecynthian pipes enow,
Nor silent suffer flute and lyre.
I will not sit with idle hands,
Scatter the roses and perfumes
Till Telephus obeys commands,
And Chloë empire sweet resumes.
Till then arouse the neighbourhood,
Astonish Lycus and his wife ;
Let it by them be understood,
We do not waste the hours of life.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS AMPHORA.

O BORN with me in Manlius' consulate,
Whether with quarrels, or whether with jokes elate,
Objurgations, insane love,
Or soft slumbers you approve.

O pious amphora ! filled with best Massican
Coeval our birthdays, which surnamed you Manlian ;
 Come give up your precious juice ;
 Corvinus broaches you for use,
Who, though acknowledged disciple of Socrates,
Can on occasions depose his austerities.
 And they say old Cato smiled,
 Sometime by old wine beguiled.
Ah ! you can twist and can torture the wisest pate ;
Uncover the secretest, win the most obstinate.
 You can give the anxious hope,
 And the swelling pauper scope.
Come and bring Bacchus and Venus in company,
And bring the Graces, hand-knitted in fondest tie.
 We will joy till Phœbus bright
 Chases hence the stars of night.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

GODDESS ! on mountain and in forest fairest,
Who for our young brides in their travail carest ;
Three times invoked, hear, and preserve our dearest,
 O goddess triformed !
Thy sacred pine shall, by my villa planted,
Witness each year return for favours granted ;
There the young boar, with tusks obliquely slanted,
 Shall yield blood votive.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS.

THOUGH you treasures heap and bind,
More than Ind's or Araby's ;
Though your palaces designed
Fringe the east and western seas :
Still with adamantine spear
Necessity will cause you dread ;
Make your bosom quake with fear,
And to death denounce your head.
The errant Scythian, in his wain,
And Getæ wiser are than you ;
They crop the unmeted plain,
And pass on their way anew.
Year by year they sow and reap,
Then another takes his turn ;
No stepdame makes the infant weep,
No bride makes her husband yearn.
The marriage-portion he desires,
Chastity with love to win ;
From examples of their sires,
With death, penalty for sin.
O Prince, desiring patriot bays,
Statues, and surnames popular,
Restrain the license of these days
Of civil slaughter, civic jar :

So shall you win your country's love.
But ah! in surety we hate
The name of Virtue; but we prove
Her lovers, when in fallen state.
What is the use of bitter 'plaints,
If they fail to punish crime?
What the use of law's restraints,
If our manners curse our clime?
Mercator dares the torrid heats,
Dares the Borean realms of snow;
The sailor with his science cheats
The storms, and all the winds that blow.
For poverty's opprobrium great
Commands him all to do, and dare.
He deserts the arduous seat
Of Virtue, more than he can bear.
Why not give the Capitol,
Where clamour calls and hosts invite,
Or in the nearest sea cast all
Our useless gold and jewels bright?
If we in heart and soul repent,
We must sin's elements erase,
Renounce our luxuries; seek content
In Virtue's rigorous, nobler ways.
The high-born youth now dreads a steed,
He fears to mingle in the chase;
He whips his top to outmost speed,
Or plays at hazard, with disgrace.

And whilst the infant lives in play,
The father cheats his guest and friend ;
Amassing wealth to throw away
On a base son, to basely spend.
But there is one thing foils them yet,
Though wealth increase on every side ;
However much they spend or get,
Still are they never satisfied.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

WHERE am I—Bacchus !—where ?
Rapt by thee in frenzied dream !
Say, whither dost thou bear
Me, by wood, or cave, or stream ?
Cave—wherein to meditate
On Augustus and his wars.
He now shares imperial state
With Jupiter and heavenly stars.
Hark ! I say : my strains aspire,
Never mortal sung such strain ;
Recent, noble, filled with fire,—
As the Bacchants stirred again
At sight of Hebrus' fount of snow,
Thracian forests, Rhodopé—
So through devious paths I go,
So these wilds astonish me.

Leader of the Naiad band,
Leader of the Bacchant quire—
Each with rended tree in hand—
Bacchus ! grant me my desire.
Let me chant thy fervent song,
Follow where the soul divine
Prompts to join thy reckless throng
With their brows entwined with vine.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I HAVE roamed amidst damsels of beauty,
I have earned a fair fame and some booty ;
But I now propose
Arms and lyre to depose,
On the left-hand of Venus, the foam-born,
Torches, crowbars, and levers from home borne ;
Which oft have broken
Barred doors and gates open.
O goddess ! potent in Cyprus the beautiful ;
Queen of fair Memphis, midst zephyrs most dutiful ;
Touch Chloë, touch and urge
Her to duty with thy scourge.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA CROSSING THE ADRIATIC SEA.

LET omens bad meet bad men on their way,
The bitch in pup, and the malignant jay,
The wolf, or ravening mother fox,
Cubs left in Lanuvium's rocks.
Let serpents glide like arrows o'er the path,
And frighten horses with their tumid wrath,
I will not evils predicate,
O Galatea fair, where none await.
For ere bright Phœbus decked the morning skies,
My prayers were uttered to his bird that flies
Predicting rain, with croaking harsh,
Returning to the dismal marsh,
To free your journey from the jay and crow.
But lo! Orion's star is sinking low,
I know the Adriatic main,
I know the winds which chop again,
But let those winds and storms annoy our foes,
Let the dark ocean rise and them oppose,
Let the angry waves affright
Those that tremble where they smite.
For, Galatea, when Europá sailed
Upon the white bull, whose fraud then prevailed,
When she saw the brutes marine
Rolling in the blue serene,
She thought of blossoms, wreaths, and maiden band,
Lost to her eyes on the Sidonian strand,
And saw the stars glare in the gloom,
And the waves that threatened doom.

Who when she touched the sacred shores of Crete,
The hundred-citied, said with words of heat,
 Father—have I dared defame
 Piety, and maiden name?
Where am I now, thus wretched and alone?
And can my death my virgin crime atone?
 Or do I dream, and are these tears,
 Consequent on shadowy fears?
Is this a dream from the gate eburnine,
Which mocks me with a passage through the brine,
 And brings to mind the happier hours,
 Of maiden train and sunny bowers?
Oh that within my grasp I held the bull,
I would allay and wreak my wrath in full,
 I would rend those horns and tear
 That golden cause of my despair.
Have I my gods paternal dared defame,
And must I meet the Orcan in my shame?
 Hear me, hear me, gods on high,
 Let me by some lion die.
And ere my beauty fade and pass away,
And hollow wrinkles mark my youth's decay,
 Let tigers feast upon this flesh,
 Whilst in beauty fair and fresh.
Hark! hark! I hear—it is my father's cry,
O vile Europa, why delay to die,
 Whilst thou hast thy maiden zone
 In thy hands to crime atone?
And lo! the jagged rocks, and lo! the wave,
Ere thou a royal daughter live a slave.

But here bright Venus to her aid
With Cupid came, all smiles arrayed,
She laughed her laugh, as she pronounced—Abstain
To curse the bull that bore thee o'er the main,
He will kneel and he will bend
Lordly horns for thee to rend.
Thou art the wife of the unconquered Jove,
Thou art the honoured object of his love;
Learn that half the world shall claim
The honour of Europa's name.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

DESCENDANT of the Tyrrhene kings, for thee
We broach a vessel, set the old wine free,
And wreaths of roses, spikenard rare,
We prepare to deck thine hair.
Come, hasten, hasten; no delay, and quit
Your palace and fastidious ease; nor sit
With gaze eternal centred on
Tibur, and hills of Telegon.
Come, leave that sumptuous palace, soaring high;
That mass of building mounting to the sky,
From whence you o'erlook the gloom,
Rome effervescent in her fume,
For grateful 'tis, to quit the pomp of state,
Beneath some modest Lar and rustic gate,

To sup without a purple pall
Shadowing the marble hall.
The father of Andromeda now soars,
Now Procyon rages, and now Leo roars ;
Constellations blight on high ;
Earth below is parched and dry.
The shepherd flees to shade, and leads his flock
To running waters, ilex grove, and rock ;
The silvans flee ; the zephyrs rest ;
Nor curl the water's azure breast.
But you rest not ; you do not seek repose ;
Care of the nation, watchfulness of foes,
Reigns of Cyrus—Bactria,
Seres, and frozen Scythia.
But God has prudently concealed from view
Man's future fate, dark night involves it too ;
He only laughs, if mortal man
Fidget in his little span.
Employ the present well : the future sleeps
Like to a running river, which now creeps
Through banks of mud, at peace to be
On the calm Etruscan sea ;
And then anon bursts with impetuous force,
Sweeping flocks, houses, trees, in headlong course.
The forests and the mountains groan
As he speeds o'er stock and stone.
That man is wise and happy, who can say
With soul his own, that he has lived to-day.
To-morrow, the black thunder's peal,
Or pure sunshine, may reveal ;

But gods cannot destroy the day that's fled,
That fleeing hour is passed and surely sped.

They cannot hinder what has been,

Nor reverse a day serene.

But Fortune, joyful in her headstrong spite,
With pertinacious instances of might

Transfers her favours, false as free,

Now to others, now from me.

I praise her present ; if she soars or shifts,

I am resigned ; I will restore her gifts ;

And, wrapt up in Virtue's reign,

Content in poverty remain.

I do not tremble at the southern gale,

Nor need descend to prayers of none avail ;

Whilst the greedy sea makes prize

Of richest Tyrian merchandize,

I, in my two-oared skiff, devoid of dread

O'er the Ægæan wave am safely sped ;

The brother twins will safely waft

Into port my little craft.

ODE XXX.

TO HIS BOOK OF ODES.

MORE durable this monument I raise
Than bronze, than pyramids of regal days ;
Which raging Aquilon, or biting rain
Cannot destroy ; neither in ceaseless train

Innumerable years, nor flow of time.
I shall not all die; part of me sublime
Will flee from Libitina; and my fame
Ever increasing endless honours claim;
Whilst to the Capitol the Pontiff climbs,
With silent Vestal maid, to endless times.
Let it declare where Aufidus abounds,
Or where poor Daunus feeds the grateful grounds,
And makes a rustic population great,
Let it declare that I could modulate
Æolian measures to Italian song.
Melpomene, as doth to thee belong,
Award the proud pre-eminence of praise
And crown the poet with the Delphic bays.



BOOK IV.

ODE I.

HE RENOUNCES LOVE FOR FRIENDSHIP.

"AGAIN new tumults in my breast
O spare me Venus, let me, let me rest ;"
I am not now the free and bold,
Enchanted by bright Cynara of old.
Cease, savage mother of the Loves,
This my tenth lustre hates and disapproves.
Go where bland youth with ceaseless prayer
Invokes you willingly—Oh turn you where
Dwells Paulus Maximus : on wings
Of purple swans, inflict him with your stings.
For he is noble, undismayed
By noisy clients in dense crowd arrayed ;
Master of hundred of the arts,
He is the boy to play the lover's parts ;
And when he sees himself your choice
He will deride his rivals and rejoice ;
And your marble form shall gleam
By Lake Albano, domed by cedar-beam.
There shall thy nose be satisfied
With incense ; and the Berecynthian pride
Of lyres and lutes ; and youths and maids
With dance and song seek out the ilex shades,
And praising thee with flashing feet,
Shall thrice the ground in Salian custom beat.

Me, nor damsel now nor dame
Inspires in bosom with a mutual flame.

Me, no more the cask of wine,
Nor flowers to wreath the brow, raise hopes divine.

But wherefore, Ligurinus, why do you
Cause tears of slighted friendship to bedew ?

Why does your tongue its task refuse,
And silence take the place of the sweet Muse ?

Converse I hold with you by night,
But ere the dawning you have taken flight ;

You in the Campus I will catch,
Or in the waves of Tiber prove your match.

ODE II.

HE LAUDS PINDAR—TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

WHOE'ER would Pindar's genius emulate,
Let him, O my Iulus, fear the fate
Dædalean ; the wings of waxen freight,
Surnamed an ocean.

Like to a mountain torrent doth he flow,
A torrent fed with storm and melted snow,
Bursts from those regions to the plains below,
In verse majestic.

Apollo's laurel-bay to him is due
Whether with dithyrambics bold and new,
Where every word and thought is free and true
To beaten measure ;

Whether he chant of gods and hero kings,
Whether he chant of sublunary things,
Of vanquished Centaurs, Pegasus with wings,
 Flaming Chimæra ;

Or if he sing the youthful victor's praise,
Returning home from Elis, with the bays,
Victor on foot or horse, none other's lays
 Equals such subject ;

Or if he write the epitaph of youth,
In his young nuptials, widowed bride to soothe,
To golden skies upsoars the verse of ruth
 In spite of Orcus.

O, my Antonius, the Dircean spring
Rises on pinions of the swan, to sing ;
Whilst I a bee upon Matina, wing
 My course o'er meadows.

Gathering and raiding in my course, the thyme
Around the groves where Tibur rings his chime,
There do I wander in my native clime,
 Chanting my verses.

But thou, Iulé, thou with mightier lyre
Shalt cause the praise of Cæsar to aspire,
When on the Sacred Way, deposed his ire,
 He leads his captives.

Great was the gift of Cæsar in our need,
Now sing the public festivals, decreed
The Forum closed, and joy as if indeed
 The golden age was.

Then shall my verse if I have leave to sing,
Chanting the praises of the empire's king,
Say, O bright sun ! what canst thou better bring
Than Cæsar's presence ?

Iö triumphé ! greets him on the way,
Iö triumphé ! the whole city say,
Shouting their praises, as our vows we pay
With grateful incense.

Ten bulls and heifers satisfy your vow,
One bull-calf mightier than his mother cow
With lunar horns incipient on his brow,
Satisfies my vow.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

WHOM thou, Melpomene, dost view
With eye benignant at his birth,
No Isthmian labour need ensue,
Nor car Achaïcan, for worth.
Nor crowned with Delian bays shall he
Ascend the Roman Capitol,
Where he the pride of kings must see
And there the deeds of kings extol.
But springs of Tibur, holy groves,
Shall shed o'er him their sacred spell,
And in Æolian verse he loves,
Teach him to strike the tortoise shell.

Rome, queen of cities, entertains
Me for the sake of sacred song,
And Envy crouches at the strains
Which to the choir of bards belong.
O spirit of the golden lyre,
Clothing with sweetness every string,
Thou canst unto the mute inspire
The music of the cygnet's wing.
And when the gift you gave I use,
The finger points across the way,
The minstrel of the Roman Muse ;
Melpomene's—I bow and say.

ODE IV.

PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

LIKE the strong-pinioned minister of Jove,
Bearing his thunders, lord of birds that rove,
Honours unto him decreed,
For the rape of Ganymede.
Youth and paternal vigour him impressed,
And innate force impelled him from the nest,
Vernal winds and clouds remote
First essaying ; then on goat
And flocks and herds descending, see him stoop ;
And see them scatter at his noisy swoop ;
Then on dragons tries his might,
Loving feasts and loving fight.

Or as the whelp of tawny lioness
Weaned from his dam and suffering hunger's stress,
Views the kid upon the slope,
Bares his teeth with him to cope.
E'en so the Rhaetian Alps beheld afar
Young Drusus stoop and urge his maiden war
On the Vindelici he sprung,
Amazonian axes hung—
Custom deduced from days of old, but how
Bootless it is to ask or search for now,
But their legions overthrown
The young Roman victor own.
They felt and owned the force of mental fire
Which education regal can inspire ;
Augustus and paternal care,
Taught the Neros for their sphere.
Heroes can only spring of Hero seed ;
As with the steer—as with the warlike steed,
As with the eagle, never sprung,
Trembling doves their nests among.
But erudition unto strength gives power,
And education is the spirit's dower ;
Where these are wanting, crimes deface
A blemished and ignoble race.
What to the house of Nero thou dost owe,
Rome! the red stream Metaurus, blood of foe,
Asdrubal's defeated host,
Day, which to the Latin coast
Scattered the darkness ; with the dawning ray
Laughing abundance here resumed her sway.

Morn that scattered to the breeze,
Afric's sons through swamping seas.
Then Roman youth waxed vigorous in field,
And the false Hannibal was forced to yield;
Temples freed from hands profane,
Saw their shrines and gods again.
And Hannibal exclaimed: we are but deer
Chased by the bloody wolf; our present care
Is to flee or steal away,
Triumph sole they leave to-day.
Race, sprung from fallen Ilion and her fires,
O'er Tuscan waves, who led their sons and sires
Borne to these Ausonian towns,
Hard as the oak on Algidus that frowns,
Firmer than frame of Hydra, cut in twain,
Which against Hercules still rose again,
Or Colchian bulls, or warlike glebes,
Builders of Echionian Thebes.
More deeply sunk, more bright to reappear,
To strive and battle in a new career,
And their matrons shall make boasts,
How their husbands slew our hosts.
O Carthage, Carthage, never more shall I
Send thee the herald of glad victory,
Hope and Fortune both are sped,
Since, Asdrubal, since thou art dead.
The Claudian race now culminates in power,
Jove, their benignant god, doth them endower
With wisdom, and the martial fire,
Which the wiles of war require.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

SPRUNG from benignant gods and guardian strong
Of the Romulean race; absent too long,
The promise to the senate made
Redeem, return as you then said.
Restore your light, O leader, to the land,
For where your face beams there the people stand,
As they bask in the solar rays,
On their feasts and holydays.
For as the mother yearneth for her son,
Who to the seas Carpathian sailed has gone,
And absent been from home a year
Wearying all the gods with prayer,
And sits with face fixed on the placid deep,—
So do thy Roman children, Cæsar, keep
A constant gaze with hope that you
Would reappear and glad their view.
The ox perambulates its peaceful field,
Ceres and Faustitas renew its yield,
The sailor navigates the seas,
Faith fears to doubt such auspices.
Morals and manners are by thee sustained,
No hearth domestic is by wrong profanèd,
The happy father owns his son,
Vengeance lights on ill deeds done.
And no one now quakes at the Parthian name,
Or Scythian, German, or Iberian fame.

Safe beneath our Cæsar's sway,
Whom the foes of Rome obey.
The countryman delves daily his own realm,
And joins the vine branch to the widowed elm,
At eve returning, drinks to thee,
In home-trod wine, his deity.
He drinks to thee with prayer and grateful praise,
And with his Lares joins your name always,
As Greece was wonted to appease
Castor, and great Hercules.
O gracious chieftain, may the days be long
On which we may our prayers and praise prolong
From Aurora's rising light
To Vesper ushering the night.

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

THE snows are melted and the fields are green,
And trees afford us shade,
Nature renews, and waters flow between
Nor river banks abrade.
Aglaia, and her sisters twain, now lead
With naked nymphs the dance.
Hope not, Torquatus, an immortal meed,
The days, the years advance,
The winter yields to Zephyr, quickly flees
Spring from the summer sun,
And autumn yields her fruit and forest trees,
And winter is begun.

The seasons perish yearly and renew,
But we, when we shall die,
Go where Æneas, Tullus, Ancus true,
In dust and ashes lie.
Who knows, who knows if Fates and gods supreme
Will grant another day;
All to thine heir will pass as in a dream,
All cherished things away.
So when you fall and Minos has pronounced
The sentence on your shade,
When race, with eloquence and life renounced,
You stand there disarrayed.
Diana could not save from Lethe's reign,
Her chaste Hippolytus,
Nor could great Theseus burst the Stygian chain
That bound Pirithous.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

LEST you should think the vocal notes were ended,
Which with the waves of Aufidus once blended,
The chord shall sound and verse reply
Again in untried melody.
'Tis not because old Homer holds the first place,
That therefore Pindar, children of the same race,
The Cean muse; Alcæus bold,
Stesichorus should rest untold.
Time will not raid Anacreontic measures,
Cupid relumes the flame of love and pleasures,

Wherewith he evoked the fire
Of the Æolian Sappho's lyre.
The Argive Helen was not sole, whose beauty
Whose fascinations baffled faith and duty,
Nor she the first and only fair
Victim to vanity and glare.
Ere Teucer was, Cydonian yews were bended,
Nor with one fall was Troy with ruin blended,
And fields were fought and warriors bled,
Ere Sthenelus or Diomed.
Nor warriors sole Deiphobus and Hector,
Donning their armour for their country wreck'd, or
Standing foremost in their might,
For their wives and babes to fight.
Ay, and great heroes lived ere Agamemnon,
Their names and memories died, with fields by them won,
Because they lacked the sacred song
Of bard, their story to prolong.
Worth unrecorded floats down Lethe's river
With blank inertness; therefore must I give her
Place in my verse, and snatch her forth,
Recording, Lollius, thy worth.
Thine is the mind encompassing all science,
Thine is the spirit bidding Fate defiance,
Thine is the scornfulness of greed,
Spurning by base means to succeed.
And ofttimes Consul, never bartering justice
Where than thine honour there no firmer trust is,
When you reassume the place,
Vile corruption flies your face.

Call him not happy, he possessing all things,
The mind and body's sanity which health brings
Are the gifts of gods, most blest
To the wise who use them best.
He, who dares suffer poverty with gladness,
And worse than death would hold dishonour madness,
Fears not in the front to die,
At his friend's or country's cry.

ODE XL

TO PHYLLIS.

Mæcenæ's birthday kept.

PHYLLIS, dear Phyllis, in my cellar sleeping,
Wine of Albano, nine years old, in keeping,
And in my orchard ivy-bine is creeping,
And beds of parsley,
Wherewith to wreath your hair in splendour shining,
Flashes the silver in my hall of dining,
And the lamb falls a victim unrepining,
Bound with verbenæ.
All is confusion midst my lads and lasses,
Hurrying, scurrying, here and there in masses,
Up to the roof the flame through vapour passes,
Whirling and twirling.
Behoves to tell you whose feast is preparing
These Ides of April now so quickly nearing,
Dearest to Venus, Ocean from appearing,
Are Ides of April.

But unto me the day is nearer, dearer,
Than my own birthday, and its advent fairer
For with its light, Mæcenas in our era

Counts up his birthdays.

Telephus, Phyllis ! once thy soul subduing,
He has succumbed unto another's suing,
Money and youth have wrought the boy's undoing

Shackled by marriage.

Phaëton blasted cautions us 'gainst soaring,
Pegasus too rebukes such self-adoring
Heavily weighted, Jove the deed abhorring,

Smiting Bellerophon.

Scorn not, my Phyllis, what examples teach you,
Stoop down thine ear in pity I beseech you,
Oh, let my love though poor and lowly reach you,
It is its last flame.

For after thee no woman more shall tease me,
Oh come and sing the songs that ever please me,
Music and beauty never fail to ease me
In the black megrims.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGILIUS.

*Horace invites him to keep the Vernal Feast, and to bring his
incense with him.*

Now Thracian breezes sisters of the spring-tide,
Liberate Ocean, over which white sails glide,
Meadows are bursting, rivers with their banks chide
Unchecked by winter.

And the sad songstress ever wailing Itys
Now builds her nest and chants her mournful ditties,
Wailing the guilt of kings, and shame of cities,
And house of Cecrops.

Now simple shepherds lead their flocks to pasture,
Singing to reeds the ballads of the past, or
Charming the god whose benefits are cast o'er
Hills of Arcadia.

O my Virgilius, 'tis the hour when drinking,
Wine of fair Cales, renovates us sinking,
While best and bravest Roman youth are linking
Incense with Bacchus.

In vase of onyx bring your spikenard precious,
Sulpitius' cellars' amphoræ shall bless us,
Incense elicits Bacchus to caress us,
Chasing splenetics.

Come then, Virgilius, come where all is freedom,
Come bring your offering equal all and gleesome,
It is no feast of magnate, as we see some
Regorging riches.

Cast away studies, come and smile more brightly,
Cast away thoughts with sombreness unsightly,
Mingle some folly with your wisdom, lightly
Fooling it with us.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Praise of Drusus and Claudius Nero.

SENATE and Romans, what can ye devise,
Worthy Augustus' fame to eternise,
What feasts or monuments of worth
To fulfil our records' dearth ?
Greatest of princes, wheresoe'er the sun
Beams on the habitable world, deeds done
Teach the foeman Latin power,
Teach Vindelicans to cower.
Leading thy legions Drusus again seeks,
Genaunians, Brennans, on their Alpine peaks.
The elder Nero now has taught
The Rhætians to submission brought ;
And it was grand to see him head the fight
Against the foe opposing savage might ;
As when the Pleiades ascend
Southern winds the ocean rend—
So did our hero break the squadrons' course,
Bursting their ranks on his impetuous horse.
As Aufidus bursts o'er the plain
Of the ancient Daunian reign,
With ravage to the harvests on both banks,
So Claudius reaped the serried ranks on ranks
Cast upon the earth to die,
Ours a bloodless victory.
Force and good conduct, and the gods to aid,
Upon this day, three lustres since, we laid

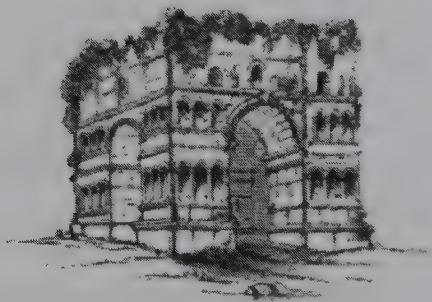
Low—Alexandria: then her Fates
Opened wide her halls and gates.
Fortune renews this all auspicious day,
Cantabrians, Medes, and Indians now obey,
The wandering Scythians wondering see
Our prince and guardian deity,
Protector both of Italy and Rome.
The Nile with hidden head, and Ister come,
With Tigris and the ocean wave
Which round the isles Britannic rave:
The Gaul despising death, Iberian rude,
And the Sicambrian chiefs all blood-imbrued
Now thy clemency implore,
And with arms deposed adore.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

FAIN would I sing of wars and conquered towns,
But Phœbus smites me with the lyre, and frowns,
Warning that the Tyrrhene sea
Is not for my bark nor me.
Fruitful, beneath your reign, are Roman fields,
O Cæsar, and the rebel Parthian yields
The standards back, with stupid boasts
Fixed unto his temple posts.
Janus is shut by peace, and order reigns:
License is checked: the ancient worth remains,
The arts revive; which bore our name
From east to west on wings of fame.

Whilst Cæsar rules the universe, he bars
Domestic violence and civil wars,
 Vengeance forges not the brand,
 Justice reassumes the land.
Getæ, nor Seres, nor the Parthian vile,
Nor dwellers by the Danube or the Nile,
 Shall ever break the Julian law.
 Whence our security we draw.
And on the feasts rejoice with wife and child,
By Bacchus and by Lydian verse beguiled,
 Venus, Troy, Anchises, praise
 And descendants in our lays.



BOOK OF EPODES.



ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

You in Liburnian galleys proposing
The mighty fleet to confront,
With your own person, Mæcenas, opposing,
Where Cæsar bears the brunt.
What would our lives be worth if we lost you?
Where would our joys be fled,
What would repose be worth if it cost you?
I would as lief be dead.
I am resolved I will follow you going
Over the Alpine snows,
Or to high Caucasus, or ocean flowing
Where winter's waves oppose.
What is my purpose, to aid or assist you,
Feeble and useless in fight,
Absence would press on my soul, if it missed you
I should fall with affright,
Like to the mother bird tending her nestlings
Dreading the twining snake,
Knowing full well her incapable wrestlings,
Her post she will not forsake.

So with firm soul methinks I could follow thee
Over the hill and plain,
Not for the spoil nor oxen, to sorrow thee,
Nor for the sordid gain.
Not that my flocks, with Sirius reigning,
Feed in Lucanian stalls,
Nor at my villa Tusculan, plaining,
We touch not Circæan walls.
Enough, enough, is reaped of thy bounty,
Abundantly I am supplied,
With Chremes the miser, with greater amount, I
Must delve in the earth it to hide.

ODE II.

SOLILOQUY OF AN USURER.

Praise of a Rural Life.

HAPPY is he, who free from goods trafficking,
Like primitive races of man,
With his own oxen ploughs the paternal ring
Free from usury's ban.
He doth not start at the trumpet shrill sounding,
He doth not dread the sea,
He doth not fear the grandees surrounding
The Forum, he is free.
He twines the adult branch of the vine tree
Unto the poplar groom,
He lops the vagrant shoots of the bine free
Grafting buds in their room.

He leads to fold in shelter and privacy,
His flocks and herds to sleep,
He raids the dulcet stores of the honey bee,
Or shears his silly sheep.
He loves to cull first fruits of his pear tree
Or of the purple vine,
Sylvanus, guarding the limits, to bear thee,
Or to Priapus divine.
He loves beneath the old ilex to cast him,
Or on the tender sward,
Where the pure waters run in a streamlet slim,
And birds are keeping ward ;
Where fountain waters so sweetly are bubbling,
They lull him into sleep ;
Or where the storms of Jupiter troubling
Warn him shelter to keep.
He slays the boar with toils and dogs baying
Rejoicing in the chase,
Or the light nets expansive, betraying
The fieldfares' greedy race.
The timorous hare and the transmarine crane
He taketh in the snares.
Ah, wherefore cannot he, also enchain
Love, and the lover's cares ?
Yet if a wife so kind and affectionate,
Home and his little sons,
Like to a Sabine or an Appulian mate
Adust with summer suns

Light up the evening hearth for his home regale,
 Wearied with journey work,
Or milk the goat or the kine in the foaming pail
 Shut in a Caudine fork.
Drinking the wine from the wine-fat filled yearly,
 For luxuries caring nought,
Turbots or oysters Lucrinan more dearly
 By many another sought.
Then if old Hyems plough up the winter seas,
 Churning up the brine,
Iōnican pheasants and Afran gallinies
 Cause him no repine.
Ay, simple olives stored from the native tree
 Are sweeter in their juice;
Or meadow mallows, endives that bitter be,
 Salubrious in their use;
Or saved from prowling wolf, lamb, or a sacred kid,
 Slain at the Terminal feast,
He, at the board's head, sits all his men amid,
 Who are from labour released.
Viewing the oxen teams slowly home wending
 Dragging the plough and car
And crowd of slaves, like bees hiveward trending
 Around the household Lar.
So said the usurer Alphius waking,
 Resolving at the Ides,
To call in his loans, but ere Calends was making
 Usurious loans, double-tides.

ODE III.

A BLAST AGAINST GARLIC.

If e'er a parricidal hand
 Would cut a father's throat,
Let him feed him on garlic, and
 Poison, past antidote.
O guts of reapers ! what is this
 That burns my stomach out ?
Is it viper's blood ? I feel it hiss,
 Has Canidia been about ?
Methinks that when Medea charmed
 With drugs the Argonaut,
'Twas garlic wherewith him she armed
 And brought the bulls to naught.
Her gifts to his Corinthian wife
 With garlic drugged to slay
Then on the dragon back, with life
 She hurried thence away.
Than vapours of the deadliest star
 That blasts Appulian trees,
Than hydra's venom deadlier far
 Burning up Hercules.
My dear Mæcenæ, if you eat
 Of such a deadly mess,
May your sweet mistress push her seat
 Away, and bar caress.

ODE IV.

AGAINST MEXAS, FREEDMAN OF POMPEY THE GREAT.

SUCH love as wolves to lambs accord
Exists 'tween you and me,
Whose back with Spanish hide is scored,
Legs scarce from fetters free.
Although you stalk in pride of purse
Fortune does not change blood;
You, on the Sacred Way, are worse
With toga trailed in mud.
The passers-by turn round the head
To view you with disdain;
Behold the man, aloud 'tis said,
Flogged o'er and o'er again.
He tills a thousand yoke of land,
He rides the Appian way;
Despite of Otho, takes his stand
Where the equestrians play.
What doth it boot, do they demand,
With fleets to scour the main,
If he, as tribune, takes command,
A knave of pirate strain.

ODE V.

CANIDIA'S INCANTATION.

"IN name of all the gods above
And human race below,
What is this riot, wherefore shove
And glare upon me so?

I conjure, by your children all,
If e'er Lucina's aid—
I conjure by this purple pall
In which I stand arrayed ;
By Jupiter, who will not brook
Deeds he sees with disgust,
Why so like stepdames do ye look,
Or wolves by spear-heads thrust ?”
So did the boy ejaculate
As him they stripped—undrest
So fair he stood, his naked state
Had quelled a Thracian breast.
Canidia enters, unkempt hair,
Vipers were coiling through,
The flame, with fig from sepulchre,
She fed, and boughs of yew,
She bids them cast in blood of toad
Shed upon eggs of fowl ;
Drugs from Iolcos many a load ;
Plume of the midnight owl ;
Bone from the jaw of famished dog
To burn in Colchian flame ;
With brow and hair like urchin-hog
Or wild boar comes the dame.
Sagana sprinkling Stygian wave,
And Veia, ruthless crone,
Digging in earth a narrow grave
With many a curse and groan,

Wherein to bury the poor boy
Up to the neck and chin,
With food in sight, him to destroy
And die that grave within ;
And from his wasted flesh and bone
To make a philtre draught
To serve some passion of their own
By other victim quaffed.
Naples, upon the Tyrrhene sea,
And idle precincts round,
Think Adriatic Rimini
Sent Folia, the renowned
For magic rites, who can arrest
The moon in silent flight,
With spells Thessalian break the rest
Of slumbering stars and night.
Canidia, biting of her thumb,
With worn out stump of tooth,
Exclaimed aloud—no longer dumb,
“ Nox and Diana, both—
Ruling the silent shades below
Be present at this charm.
Come from the hostile realm, where grow
The herbs and drugs to harm.
Now whilst e'en rabid beasts of prey
Indulge in quiet sleep,
Let the Suburran dogs keep bay
Where the old lechers creep,

Scented with nard by me prepared
With scientific hand.
Why should Medea's arm be bared
For vengeance she planned,
When the fair maiden—Creon's child,
Died, poisons by and flame—
And I who know each simple wild
May not perform the same?
Away, I say—the whilst he lies
Entranced upon the bed,
Forgetful of me, or defies
By charms, by others shed.
Ah, ah, O Varus, you shall learn
By spell (oh bought with tears),
And by my power coerced, return
Despite of Marsian wares.
We make for you a stronger brew
To bend your haughty soul,
And sea and sky shall mingle too,
But thee—I will control—
With burning flame shall you consume
Like pitch upon the fire—”
But here the victim boy, they doom,
Burst in with accents higher
Unwitting what he said, he broke
Forth in Thyestean curse;
“The wrath of Jove you have awoke
Who right and wrong reverse,

I curse and ban you with my hate,
In vain your victims bleed,
Nothing your crime shall expiate,
Nought wash away your deed ;
But when this tortured body dies
It will survive as shade,
And from the Manes will arise,
And ye at midnight raid
My talons shall your bowels tear
And chase your sleep away.
Ye wretches shall run here and there
Pelted on the highway,
And unburnt shall your corpses lie
On the Esquilinian hill.
Dogs and carrion fowl, with cry
There gorge and glut their fill.
And my poor parents there shall be
To see it. Ah! surviving me."

ODE VII.

TO THE ROMANS.

WHERE, where, O madmen ! do ye flee ?
Why bear unsheathed the blade ?
Are not the realms of land and sea
With Roman blood o'erlaid ?
'Twas not to cast proud Carthage down,
To burn and break her sway ;
Nor see the dauntless Briton frown,
Chained on the Sacred Way.

But seconding the Parthians' prayer
Our Rome to overthrow ;
Nor lion nor the wolf in lair
Prey on their fellows so.
Is this blind rage—fatality—
Or crime? Reply! They stand
Silent, pale-cheek, and drooping eye,
A poor bewildered band.
I see the cause. The cruel Fates
Now urge the Roman doom
For Remus slain ; this judgment mates,
And casts o'er Rome such gloom.

ODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHEN shall we drink your Cæcuban,
Reserved for festal days ;
Cæsar returns in victory's van,
Returning Jove his praise.
When, O Mæcenas! do you throw
Your palace portals wide ;
When cause the Doric pipes to show
Our gratitude and pride?
When Sextus fled, with ships half-burnt,
He—son of Neptune!—driven
Athwart his father's ocean, learnt
His threats 'gainst Rome were riven

Like the chains that he smote off
Necks of our revolted slaves.
And a Roman—hear and scoff—
Conquered also on the waves,
Bent to a woman's will and led
Her shrivelled eunuchs to the field.
The sun beheld our standards spread
Her vile canopy to shield;
Two thousand Gauls turned from the sight,
And loudly shouting Cæsar's name
Deserted, with the galleys light,
Re-entering our ports for shame.
Iō triumphe! bring the car,
And the bulls for sacrifice;
Iō triumphe! Libyan war,
And Jugurtha conquered twice!
Africanus! him whose fame
Is built on Carthage now lain low,
Never gave a greater claim
Than our doubly beaten foe.
Beaten both at sea and land,
And their purple changed to dool;
Now upon the Cretan strand,
Or whirled upon the Syrtes' pool,
There they wander. Bring us, boy,
Larger cups, and Chian wine,
Lesbian; or bring to destroy
Megrimis—Cæcuban divine.

Hail, Lyæus! I must drown
Cares and fears that will not sleep ;
Cæsar and his high renown
In rejoicing loud and deep.

ODE X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

MÆVIUS, of odours bad,
Sails with hapless auspices ;
Auster black, when raging mad,
Swamp his vessel mid the seas.
Eurus! when you sweep the deck,
Snap asunder rope and oar ;
Aquilon! arise and check
His passage to the shore.
And when sad Orion sets
Shrouded deep be every star ;
Ocean, with your yeasty jets,
Rise—as you arose to bar
The impious Ajax—and destroy,
As Minerva bade, the man
Who from burnt and ruined Troy
Dared to sail beneath her ban.
Now your sailors toil and sweat,
Now your face with fear is blue ;
Now with wave and terror wet,
Intreating Jove, detesting you.

Now doth the Ionic sea
Break your vessel—down you go !
Cast on shore again to be
Food for sea-gull and for crow.
I the black lamb and the goat
Offer, Tempest, unto you ;
Gratitude to mark and note,
For benefits a payment due.

ODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

It was the night, the moon serenely shining
Mid minor stars above ;
When you, invoking gods, with soul designing,
Echoed my vow of love.
And then your arms my neck around enclasping,
As ivy clasps the tree,—
Whilst wolves shall raid ; Orion, the sword grasping,
Trouble the ocean sea ;
Whilst Zephyrs lift unshorn Apollo's tresses,—
We will be lovers true.
O false Neæra ! falsehood me distresses,
For you shall grieve and rue ;
Think you I am a man to suffer scorning,
Shall I not seek one truer ?
Dream not to have me more, with smiles adorning,
To be your heart's ensuer ;

And thou, whoe'er thou art, me thus supplanting,
Rejoicing in thy treasure,
Although Pactolus flow, its riches granting,
Though beauty without measure ;
And though Pythagoras grant thee his learning,
Thou shalt with fury burn,
When false Neæra for another yearning,
I shall rejoice in turn.

ODE XVI.

TO THE ROMANS.

ANOTHER age involved in cruel war,
Rome smothered in her might ;
Rome that the Marsian neighbour failed to mar,
And Porsena, foiled in fight.
Nor Capua, nor Spartacus the rough,
Nor the Allobrogi forsworn,
Nor Germany, with youth blue-eyed and bluff,
Nor Hannibal, made mourn.
Rome falls beneath the drawn sword of her sons,
Beasts reassume their reign ;
And the Barbarian o'er her ruins runs,
And horsemen tread her plain.
The bones of Romulus cast out, defiled,
From silence and the tomb ;
Then will ye counsel ask, with gesture wild,
Whither to flee—to whom ?

And I no better counsel have to give
Than the Phocæans' lore,
They would not with their gods dishonoured live,
Left to the wolf and boar.
So let us flee where'er man's foot may tread
On lands and seas remote ;
So let us swear we will not couch the head
Until the rocks shall float ;
Till Padus shall Matina's mountain drown,
Float Apennines above ;
When tigers shall wed deer ; or, stooping down,
The hawk shall woo the dove.
Such be our oath, such the occasion craves,
And barring all return,
Then let us launch the vessels on the waves,
And future fortune learn.
Then by the good accompanied, we leave
The bad and base behind ;
They seats ill-omened, as their own receive,
Concordant with their mind.
But ye, with souls of worth, forbear to weep,
Quit these Etruscan shores ;
Ocean and ocean's waves around us sweep,
Let us, with sail and oars,
Seek lands which Ceres blesses with her smile ;
Where flows the bubbling rill ;
Where olives, figs, and Bacchant vines beguile ;
Where honey streams distil ;

Where kine, returning at calm eventide,
Replete the foaming pail ;
Where goats, with udders strutting in their pride,
Bring stores that never fail.
Where no contagious murrain hurts the flock,
No dog-star sheds its doom ;
Where raiding bear keeps in his den of rock,
Vipers in secret gloom.
Where wintry winds with deluge never rove,
Nor herb is scorched by heat ;
For all is tempered by the hand of Jove,
From his celestial seat.
Where never Argonaut to raid was seen,
Ne'er trod the Colchian dame ;
Where barks Sidonian have never been,
Ulysses left no name.
A sanctuary shore, by Jove decreed,
Since the Gold Age gave way
To Brass and Iron—thither let us speed ;
There let us dwell alway.

THE SECULAR POEM.

BOOK I.

ODE XXI.

TO DIANA AND APOLLO.

GIRLS. VIRGINS of Rome! chant in Diana's praise.

BOYS. Oh, boys! to unshorn Cynthus sing the lays.

BOTH. And to Latona, the beloved of Jove!

GIRLS. Sing the goddess of the grove.

She who wanders by the streams
Where frozen Algidus upsoars,
Or where verdant Cragus gleams,
Or black Erymanthus roars.

BOYS. And sing the praise of Tempe's land,
And Delos, whence Apollo sprung;
His brother's lyre in his hand,
His quiver o'er his shoulders flung.

BOTH. He drives away War's horrid car,
He chases Famine hence afar;
He will both hear and grant our prayer,
He will divert all pestilence;
That may the Britons, Parthians bear,
From Rome and Cæsar driven hence.

BOOK IV.

ODE VI.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

GOD ! who avenged on Niobe's proud brood,
And Tityus, the raider, and subdued
 Phthyan Achilles, when assaulting Troy.
He, chief of heroes, yet opposing thee,
Though sprung from Thetis, goddess of the sea,
 Failing thy Dardan turrets to destroy.
What though he fought with the paternal spear,
He fell cast down, as pine or cypress drear,
 Prone to the earth, prone, prone, in Teucrian dust.
Though he was not included in the horse,
Fraud of Minerva's, yet had he perforce
 Invaded Troy, slumb'ring in sensual lust.
Flame in the hand, he would have done to doom
Matron and child, and infant in the womb,
 But that the King above, forbad with frown ;
Touched by the prayer of Venus for her son,
He willed another conquest should be won,
 And great Æneas build another town.
Phœbus, who taught Thalia how to sing,
Bathing thy golden locks in Xanthus' spring,
 Uphold alike to-day the Daunian Muse.
Unshorn Agyieus, patron of my fame,
Inspire my verse with thine ethereal flame ;
 Nor unto me the poet's name refuse.

Now girls and boys, children of noblest strain,
 Gracing our Delian goddess with refrain,
 The queller of the fleeing lynx and deer;
 Observe the Lesbian metre, stroke of thumb,
 Oft as to chant the praises ye be come,
 Of him and her, the bright lights of the sphere.
 Latona's son praise foremost in the rite,
 And crescent queen of the delicious night,
 Who ripen fruit and speed the month and year.
 And when a bride betrothed, this song prefer,
 Sung when the Feasts of Cycles shall recur,
 Chanted by you, when Horace was the seer:

THE SONG.

Phœbus and Dian, huntress maid,
 Chief glories of the spheres;
 To ye, adorable! be paid
 Our earnest vows and prayers.
 Upon recurring holydays,
 When prompted by the Sibyl's leaves,
 Boys and girls the refrain raise
 In lays which Heaven receives;
 Harmony divine that thrills
 Upon the seven sacred hills.

Boys. Glorious Sun, whose golden wain
 Fills the universe with light;
 Borne beyond the Western main,
 Yielding up the reign to night.
 In your course, where'er you roam,
 Seeing nought surpassing Rome.

GIRLS. Gentle Ilythia, who
Over childbirth dost preside ;
Hear our vows, invoking you
For matron and for bride.
Whether Genitalis styled
Or Lucina please thine ear,
Bless the nuptial law, and child
Which the Roman women rear.

BOTH. So that when the cycle glides,
Years, ten times eleven, past ;
And when we resume these tides,
Song and dance three days to last.
Oh ! ye truthful speaking Fates,
Whose oracles do never fail ;
Promise to the Roman states
Fortune ever to prevail.
Still let Tellus grant the field,
Bounteous Ceres us befriend ;
Fountains, purest waters yield,
Airs from Jupiter descend.

BOYS. Apollo ! lay your weapons by,
Listen to boy-Roman's prayer.

GIRLS. Luna ! crescent queen on high,
From the stars the maidens hear.

BOTH. For Rome, we say, by you was built ;
These Etruscan shores received
Phrygian strangers, free from guilt,
Of native homes bereaved.

If chaste Æneas, fraudless, led
Hither the bands from Troy,
Them promising a better stead ;
O grant them peace and joy.
Ye gods ! defend the docile youth ;
Ye gods ! defend the placid age.
Grant unto Romulus, in truth,
Arms and heads our wars to wage.
And ye who sacrifice white steers
Of Venus and Anchises sprung,
Cast down the foe who proudly rears
His crest, the pardoned foes among.
By land and sea, by potent hand
Ye do the Mede and Scythian fear ;
And Indians, superbest band
Dread the Albanan spear.
Faith, peace, and honour, ancient worth
And virtue, once their scorn,
Shall reappear ; as when in dearth
Plenty pours forth her horn.

Boys. And thou, Apollo ! with thy bow
Decorous, and the lyre—
Light of the Muses—chasing woe—
Physician ! hear thy quire.
Cast down, we pray, your look benign
On Latium and on Rome,
Upon the Mount of Palatine,
Through ages long to come.

GIRLS. Diana ! who Mount Aventine
And Algidus doth love,
List to thy fifteen men divine,
And hear us from above.

BOTH. Jupiter and gods accord,—
When our learned chorus praise
Phœbus and Dian, queen and lord,
Heavenly sanction to our lays.



THE END.

AMENDMENTS AND ERRATA

TO THE

‘ÆNEIS.’

- Page 4, line 97*a*, insert “With present death appalling every soul.”
“ 4 „ 86, read “enthroned me here and at the feasts above.”
“ 5 „ 125, after “rarely” a comma.
“ 12 „ 325, after “hand” a comma.
“ 15 „ 435*a*, insert—
“That none might interrupt them by the way
With question, molestation, or delay.”
“ 16 „ 454*a*, insert—
“ ‘Oh, fortunate are ye,’ Æneas said,
‘Whose walls arise on strong foundations laid.’
Then entered in, wrapped in celestial screen,
And mingled with its multitudes unseen.”
“ 18 „ 520, omit the colon.
“ 22 „ 621*a*, insert—
“And vaunt the parentage that gave thee birth,
And happy age that gave thee to the earth.”
“ 22 „ 630*a*, insert—
“And her lips seemed to say—O Goddess-born,
What lot has cast thee on these shores forlorn?”
“ 42 „ 391, read “Chorœbus Migdonides.”
“ 48 „ 568, after “grew” a semicolon.
“ 62 „ 480, insert—
“Rooted within my breast these myrtles grow,
And cornel hafts of spears, which laid me low.”

Page	63	line	63, <i>read</i> "descending to my father."
"	64	"	84, <i>omit</i> the stop.
"	72	"	339a, <i>insert</i> "Nay, do not doubt, it is myself you see."
"	72	"	341, <i>omit</i> the "?" <i>insert</i> "!"
"	74	"	380, <i>omit</i> "raced," <i>insert</i> "traced."
"	79	"	525, <i>omit</i> "was," <i>insert</i> "were."
"	80	"	562, <i>omit</i> "Achates," <i>insert</i> "Anchises."
"	91	"	70 and 71, <i>read</i> —
"and the queen on high Who hallows and who binds the nuptial tie."			
"	94	"	165, <i>omit</i> "repairs," <i>insert</i> "retires."
"	98	"	264, <i>omit</i> "raise," <i>insert</i> "rise."
"	98	"	282, <i>read</i> "and to new life uncloses mortal eyes."
"	101	"	365, <i>read</i> "or of Iarbas live the captive prize."
"	157	"	253 and 255, <i>read</i> "Chorinæus."
"	163	"	408, <i>erase</i> the semicolon.
"	166	"	505, <i>erase</i> the stop.
"	167	"	518, <i>read</i> "Then inimical turned away its head."
"	"	"	534, <i>read</i> "And Polyboetes, Ceres's priest;"
"	171	"	643, <i>omit</i> "him," <i>insert</i> "he."
"	176	"	766, <i>omit</i> "wherefore," <i>insert</i> "therefore."
"	177	"	810, <i>read</i> "purgation's."
"	178	"	842, <i>omit</i> "Phocas," <i>read</i> "Procas."
"	181	"	930, <i>read</i> "Cossus or thee;"
"	182	"	960, <i>read</i> "and how his aspect proud."
"	197	"	358, <i>after</i> "uprear" a full stop.
"	201	"	457, <i>omit</i> "Calybe," <i>insert</i> "Calybe."
"	202	"	485, "and <i>passim</i> <i>read</i> "Erinnys."
"	210	"	729, <i>read</i> "thither King Cæculus led his rustic train."
"	229	"	349, <i>after</i> name a semicolon.
"	233	"	456, <i>after</i> the description of forging the bolts of Jupiter occur these six lines; better omitted, as being an instance of sinking into the bathos:—

"Elsewhere the Cyclops framed the wheels and car,
Concomitant with Mars in fields of war.
Elsewhere the shield of Pallas, ægis grim,
Where serpents, golden-scaled, surround the rim;
The Gorgon's head in bloody horrors dress'd,
And its dread serpents glittered on the breast."

Page 244 line 764, *read* "and Morini, the earth's extremest sons."

„ 268 „ 657, *read* "Dindyma."

„ 271 „ 760, *read* "panic, fear and flight."

„ 280 „ 143, *read* "Lyrneassian."

„ 297 „ 619, *read* "Volscons."

„ 320 „ 284, *read* "Libyan."

„ 325 „ 427, *read* "Arcadians."

„ 326 „ 455, *omit* "from," *insert* "for."

„ 327 „ 474, *after* "Vulcan's hand" a full stop.

„ 372 „ 785, *omit* "glass," *insert* "ice."

„ 392 „ 4, *omit* "Caneus," *insert* "Canens."

AMENDMENTS AND ERRATA
TO THE
'ECLOGUES' AND 'GEORGICS.'

- Page 14 line 5, *omit* "osiers green," *read* "osier screen."
" 16 " 5, *read* "How lean my herd from pasture cross the
ford."
" 68 " 5, *omit* "volitate," *insert* "volatate."
" 97 " 1, *read* "And thee, great Pales, and thee, O re-
nowned."
" 132 " 401, *et seq.*, *read*—
"Cyrene spoke, libate carchesia twain
Of Bacchus, to the monarch of the main,
Oceanus."



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